



SWING-SISSON



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FEATURE

COMICS

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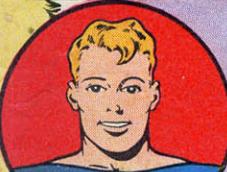
QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

MARCH
No. 108

The DOLL MAN
DEFIES
CATEYE!



LALA PALOOZA



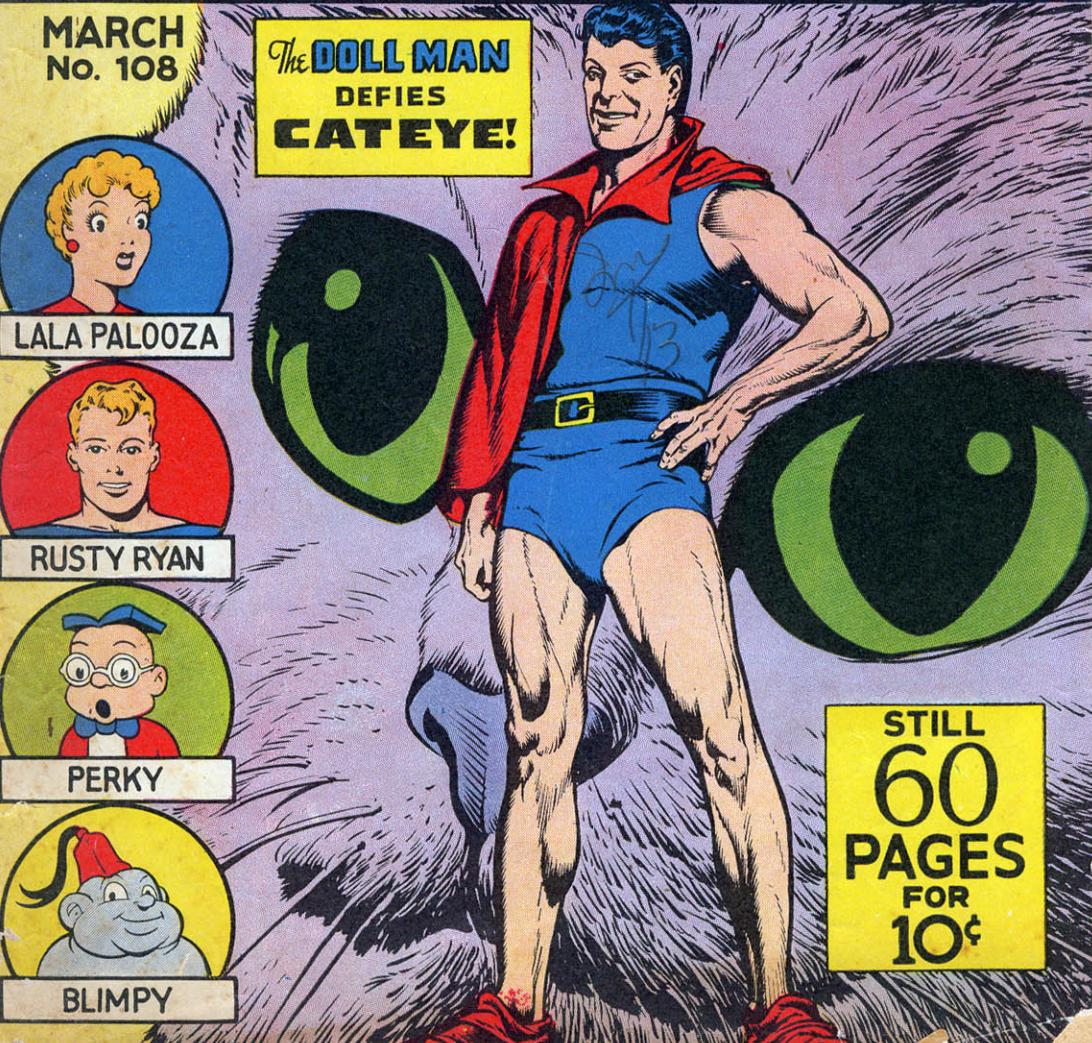
RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY



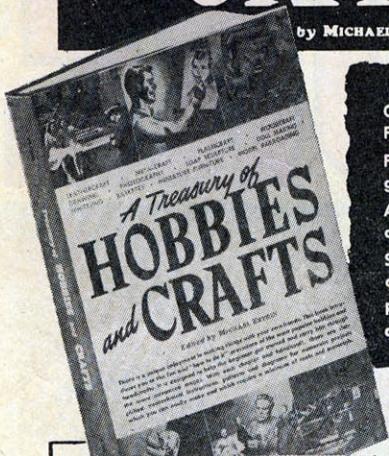
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by MICHAEL ESTRIN



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The DOLL MAN



When darkness dimmed the eyes of normal human beings, **CATEYE** sallied forth to do his deeds ... blacker than midnight, grimmer than the grave!

Then Darrel Dane exerted the cosmic power of his will to become **THE DOLL MAN**, mighty midget of right and justice, and faced this terror in the night!

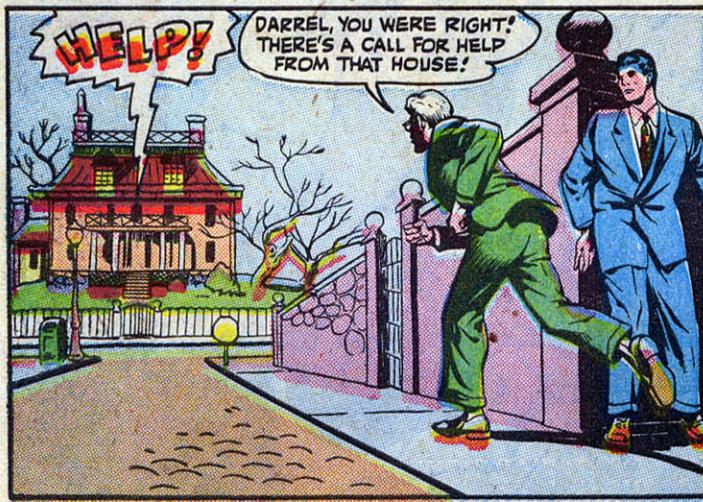
Night in the quiet fringe of the city and Dr. Roberts and Darrel Dane leave the laboratory ...

I'LL SNAP OFF THE LIGHT
AND WE'LL HEAD FOR HOME! YOU
LOOK TIRED, DARREL!

NO, IT'S NOT THAT!
I FEEL A --- SORT OF
ANXIETY! I MIGHT ALMOST
SAY THAT I HAVE A FORE-
BODING OF EVIL, IF IT
DIDN'T SOUND SO
RIDICULOUS!

EVIL? I'M AFRAID I DON'T FOLLOW YOU!

IT'S NOTHING,
DR. ROBERTS!
YOU'RE RIGHT...
I MUST BE
TIRED! LET'S
WALK DOWN
THIS CROSS-
STREET -- IT'S
A SHORT
CUT!



A pause of a split moment!
As Darrel Dane concentrates
his mighty will power, the
universe seems to spin...

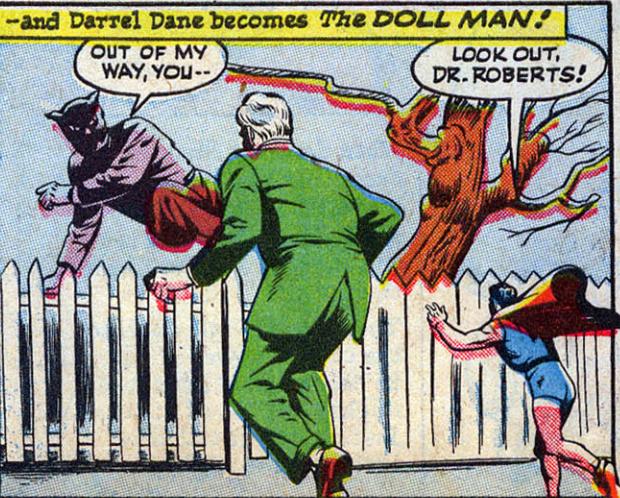


-and Darrel Dane becomes The DOLL MAN!

OUT OF MY
WAY, YOU...

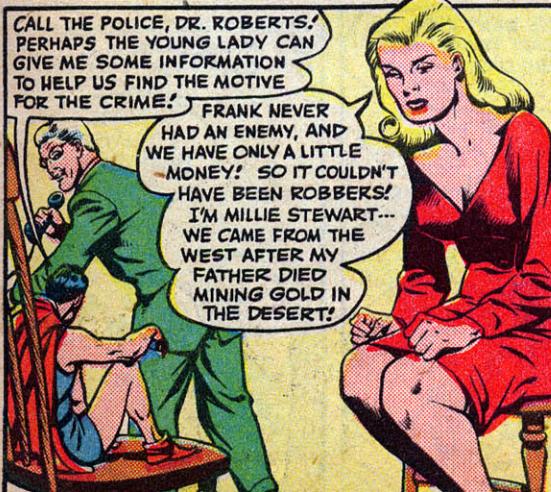
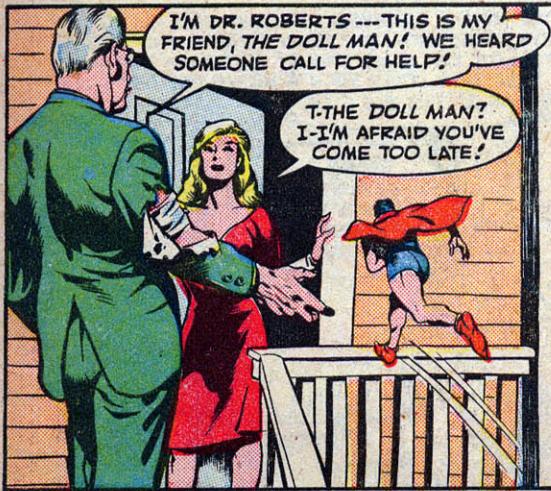
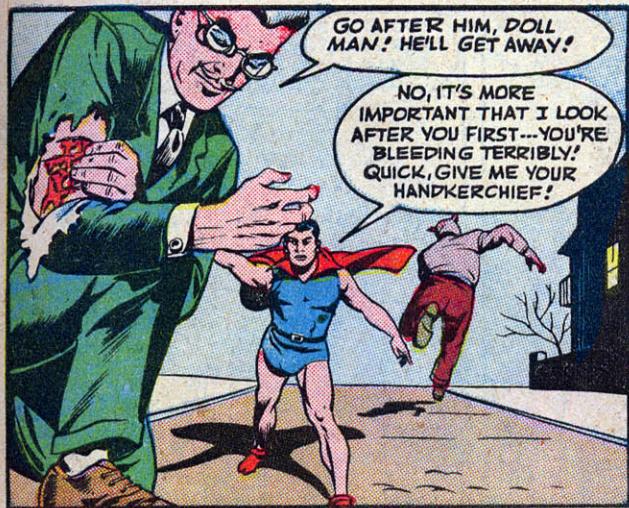
LOOK OUT,
DR. ROBERTS!

OHHH!



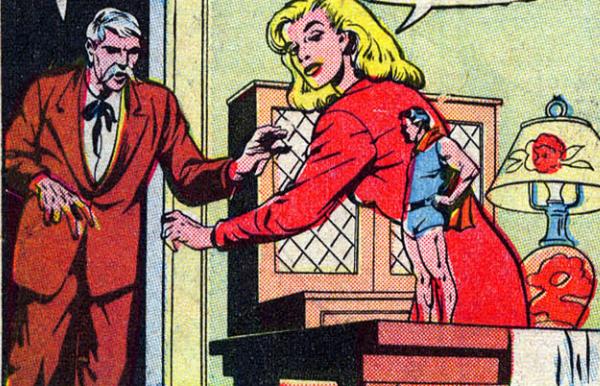
TRY TO STOP ME, EH?
THEN I'LL SLASH YOU
OUT OF MY WAY!





I HEARD A STRUGGLE --
SOME CRIES! WON'T
SOMEONE TELL ME?
IF ONLY I COULD SEE!

THIS IS UNCLE RIFF HODDER,
MY FATHER'S PARTNER! THE SUN
ON THE DESERT MADE HIM
GO BLIND! WE TAKE
CARE OF HIM!



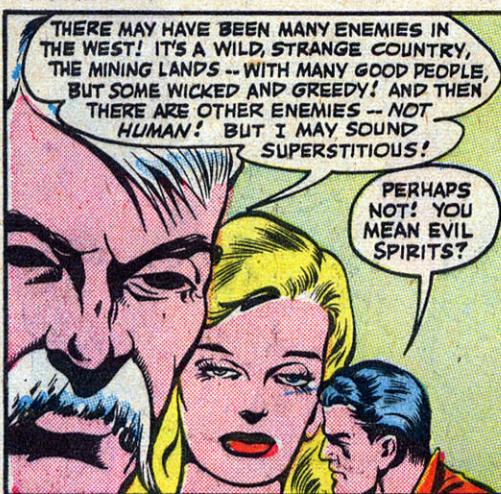
YOU ARE SMALL, SIR! BUT I FEEL
YOUR MUSCLES -- THEY ARE LIKE IRON!
PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US IN THIS
AWFUL CALAMITY!

I WILL IF I
CAN, MR. HODDER!
PERHAPS YOU KNOW
WHY SOMEONE WOULD
WANT TO KILL YOUR
PARTNER'S
SON?



THERE MAY HAVE BEEN MANY ENEMIES IN
THE WEST! IT'S A WILD, STRANGE COUNTRY,
THE MINING LANDS -- WITH MANY GOOD PEOPLE,
BUT SOME WICKED AND GREEDY! AND THEN
THERE ARE OTHER ENEMIES -- NOT
HUMAN! BUT I MAY SOUND
SUPERSTITIOUS!

PERHAPS
NOT! YOU
MEAN EVIL
SPIRITS?



THE INDIANS BELIEVED THE LAND WAS RULED BY
EVIL MONSTERS, AND MANY MINERS AND SETTLERS
THOUGHT THE SAME THING! BUT EVEN IF IT WERE
TRUE, HOW COULD SUCH A BEING FOLLOW
US TO THIS BIG CITY?

HERE'S A
POLICE INSPECTOR!
HE WANTS TO ASK
A FEW
QUESTIONS!



THE LIGHTS WERE OFF WHEN
THE MONSTER ATTACKED MY
BROTHER! IT WAS TOO
DARK TO SEE PLAINLY --

BUT THE KILLER MUST
HAVE SEEN PLAINLY
ENOUGH!



IT'S CLAWS WENT RIGHT TO
THE THROAT! IT SAW LIKE A
CAT IN THE DARK -- AND
FOUGHT LIKE A CAT!

THE THING
WAS HUMAN IN
SHAPE, THOUGH!
IT CLAWED ME
OUTSIDE --

HUMAN SHAPE -- CLAWS --
SEE IN THE DARK ... IT
WAS CATEYE!

CATEYE?
I NEVER
HEARD OF
HIM!



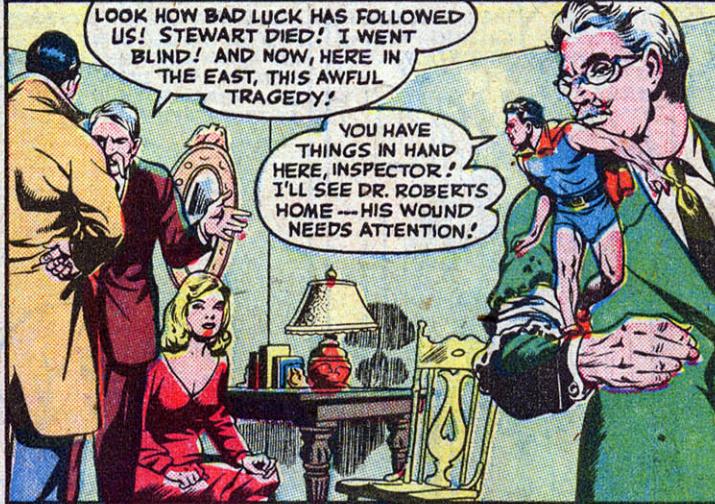
FEATURE COMICS

THERE WAS AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND ABOUT A DEMON WITH TALONS THAT OWNED THE LAND WHERE STEWART AND I STAKED OUR CLAIM! WE LAUGHED AT IT, BUT PERHAPS IT'S TRUE!

HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE SUCH THINGS?

LOOK HOW BAD LUCK HAS FOLLOWED US! STEWART DIED! I WENT BLIND! AND NOW, HERE IN THE EAST, THIS AWFUL TRAGEDY!

YOU HAVE THINGS IN HAND HERE, INSPECTOR! I'LL SEE DR. ROBERTS HOME -- HIS WOUND NEEDS ATTENTION!



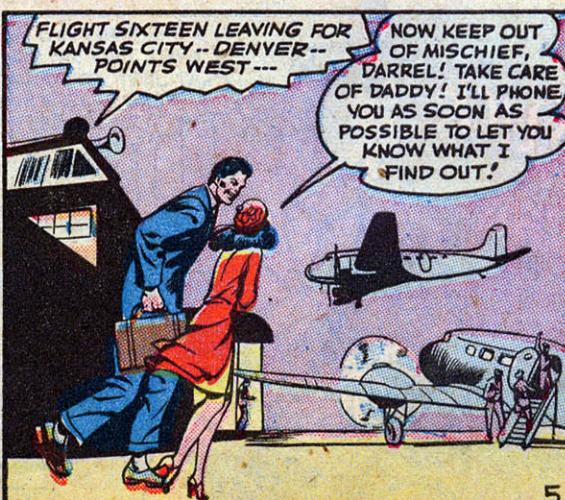
I'D LOVE IT! WHEN DO WE START?

YOU'LL GO ALONE MARTHA... TONIGHT IF POSSIBLE -- TO A MINING DISTRICT WE JUST HEARD ABOUT! ASK ABOUT THE CATEYE SUPERSTITION THAT INVOLVES THE MINING CLAIM OF HODDER AND STEWART, AND CALL ME HERE BY LONG DISTANCE!



FLIGHT SIXTEEN LEAVING FOR KANSAS CITY -- DENVER -- POINTS WEST --

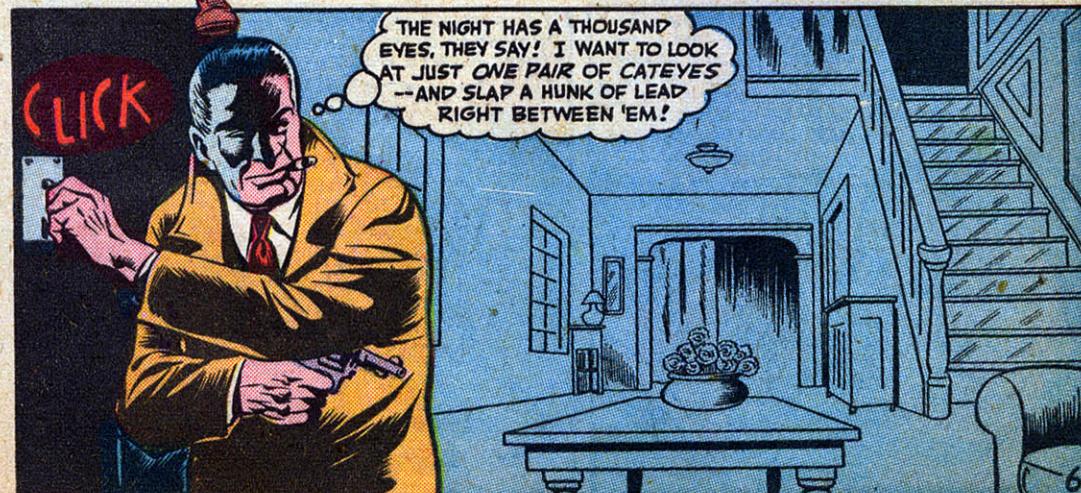
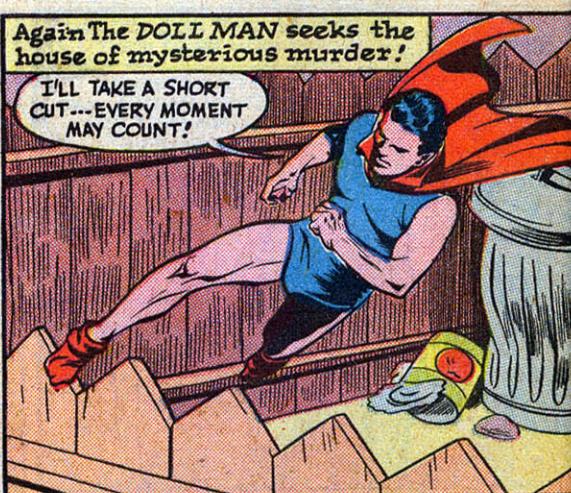
NOW KEEP OUT OF MISCHIEF, DARREL! TAKE CARE OF DADDY! I'LL PHONE YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT I FIND OUT!

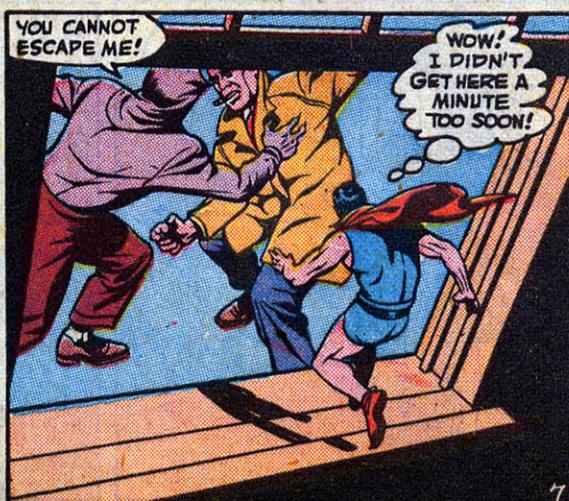
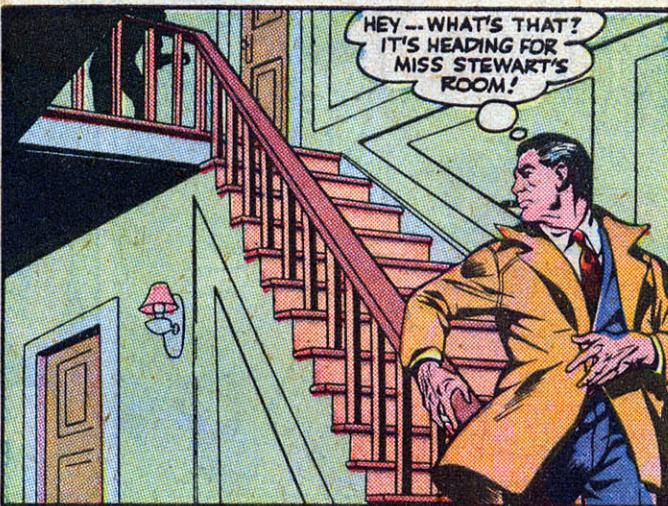
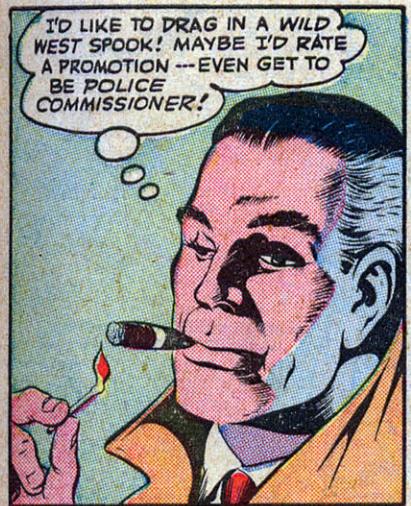


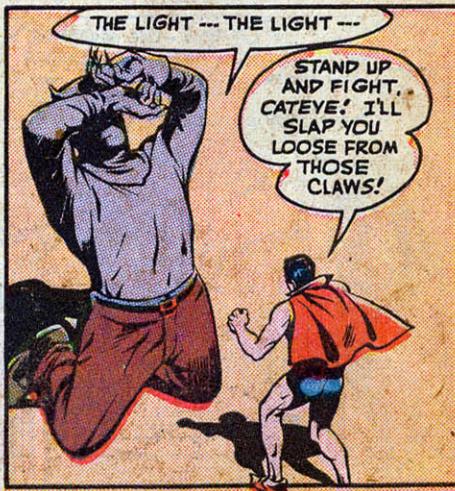


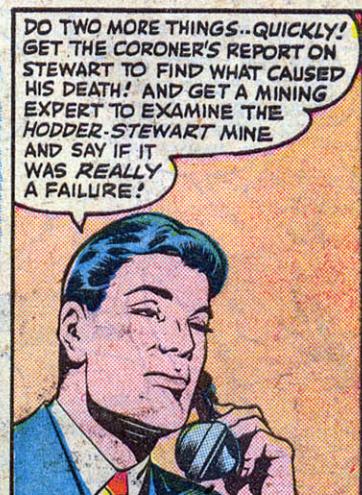
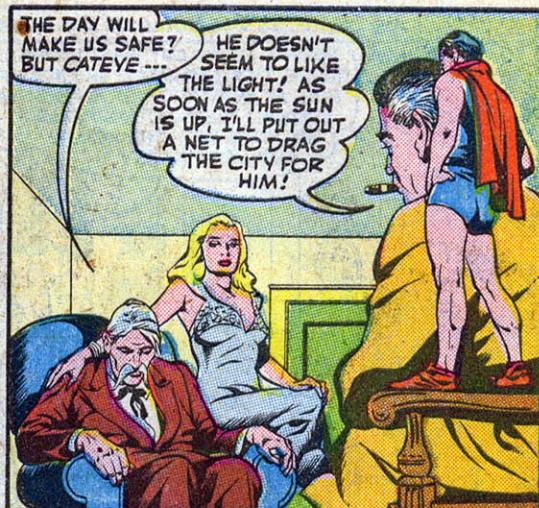
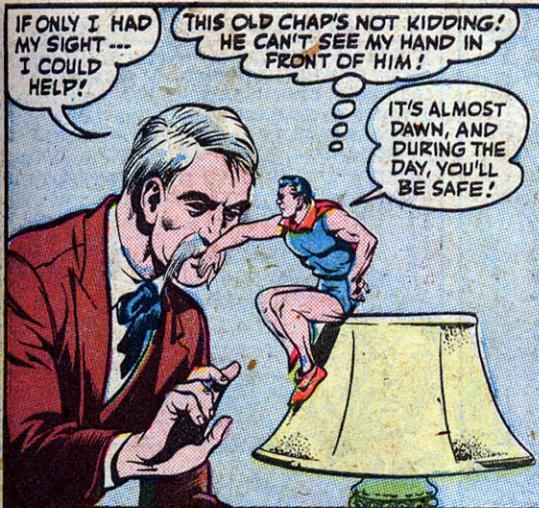
HE SAYS HE'S TURNING OFF ALL THE LIGHTS, IN HOPES THAT CATEYE WILL SHOW HIMSELF!

THAT MAY HAPPEN! I'M GOING OVER THERE AGAIN MYSELF!









At the same time, at the home of Dr. Roberts...

MARTHA! HOW DID YOU GET BACK SO SOON?

WHEN I FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENED THERE, I CALLED SOME FRIENDS OF MINE AT AN AVIATION EXPERIMENTAL STATION! THEY JET-PROPELLED ME HOME WITH THE NEWS — AND HERE IT IS!



And at Police Headquarters...

I STILL STICK TO MY STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT, COMMISSIONER! I WANT TO GO BACK AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK AND ...

I'M GOING MYSELF, INSPECTOR! IF YOU TOLD THE TRUTH, YOU GET PROMOTED! IF YOU'RE KIDDING US, YOU GET BUSTED DOWN TO WALKING A BEAT AGAIN!



A short time later...

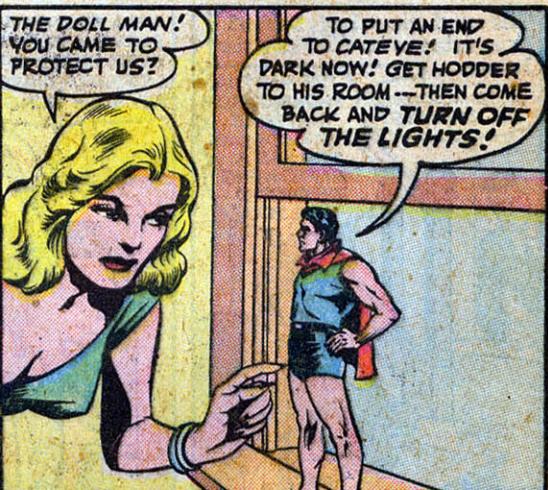
ARE THE LIGHTS ON, MILLIE? DON'T TURN THEM OFF --- THEY KEEP CATEYE AWAY!

PSSST! MILLIE, STEP THIS WAY!



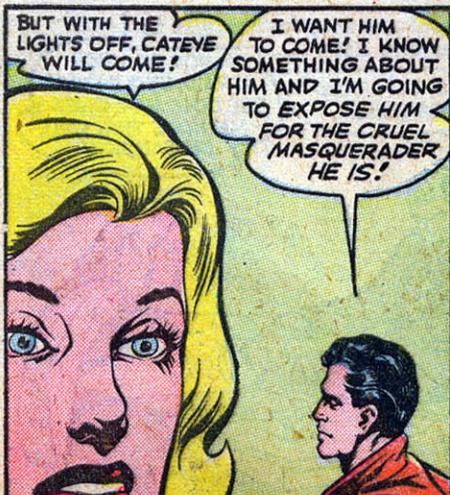
THE DOLL MAN! YOU CAME TO PROTECT US?

TO PUT AN END TO CATEYE! IT'S DARK NOW! GET HODDER TO HIS ROOM -- THEN COME BACK AND TURN OFF THE LIGHTS!



BUT WITH THE LIGHTS OFF, CATEYE WILL COME!

I WANT HIM TO COME! I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HIM AND I'M GOING TO EXPOSE HIM FOR THE CRUEL MASQUERADE HE IS!



I TRUST THE DOLL MAN! I'LL DO IT!

UNCLE RIFF, LET ME HELP YOU TO YOUR ROOM! YOU CAN LOCK THE DOORS AND WINDOWS AND BE SAFE!

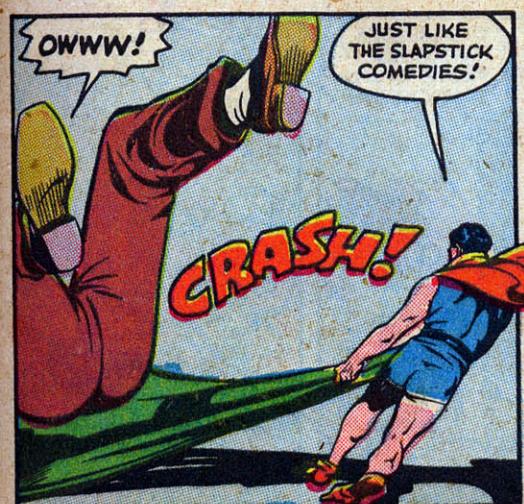
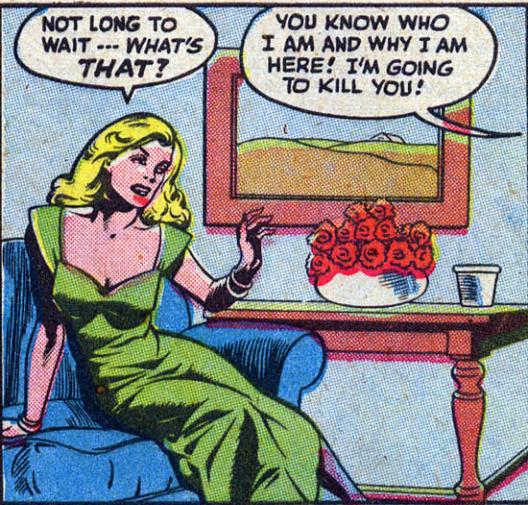


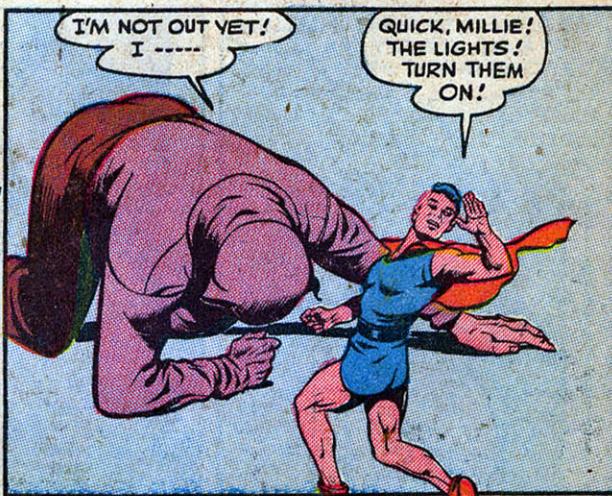
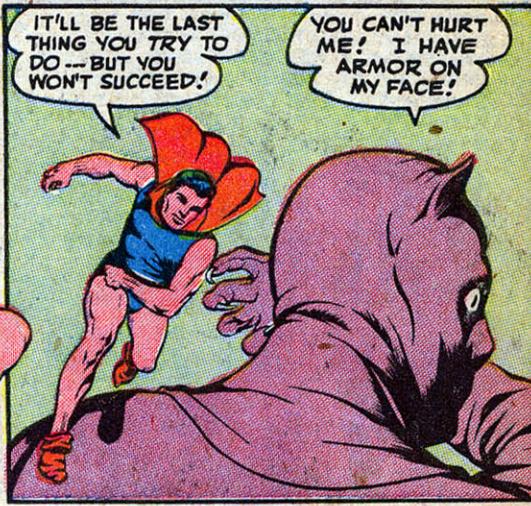
IF ONLY I HAD MY EYES, MILLIE, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PROTECT YOU!

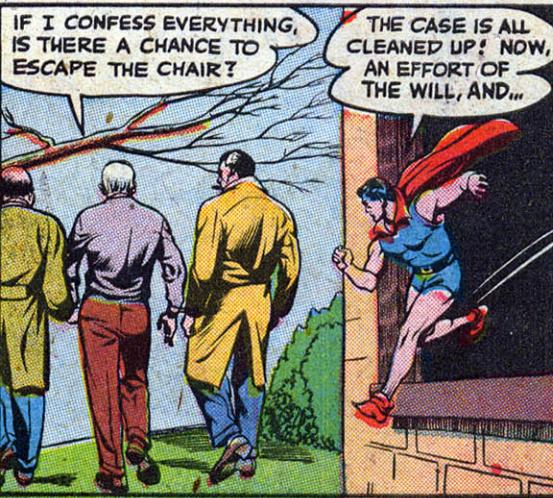
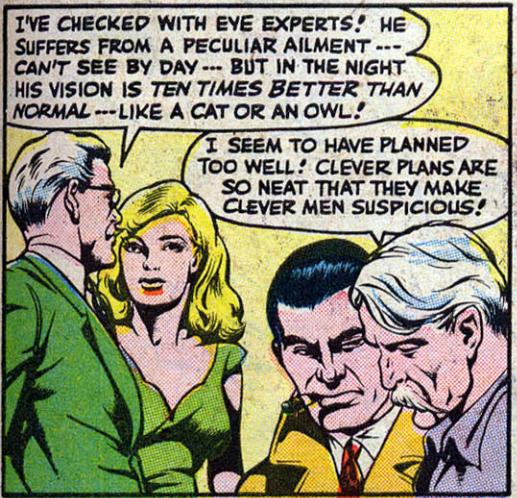
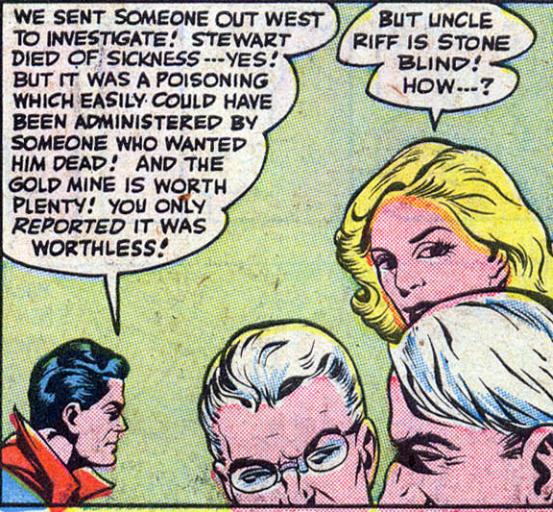
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, UNCLE RIFF!



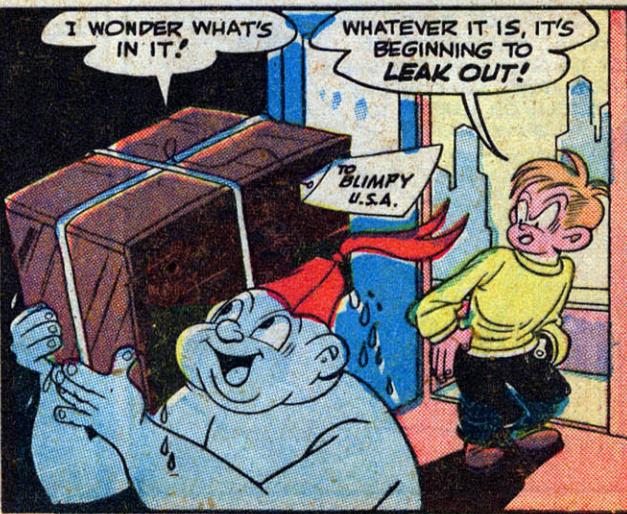
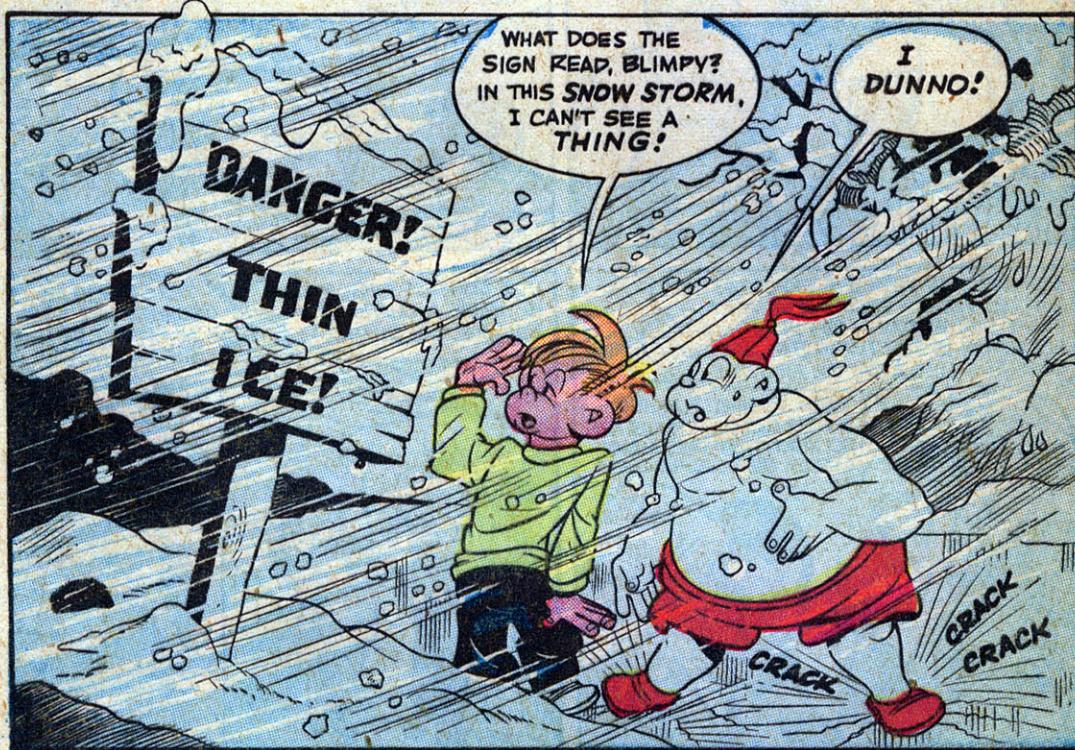
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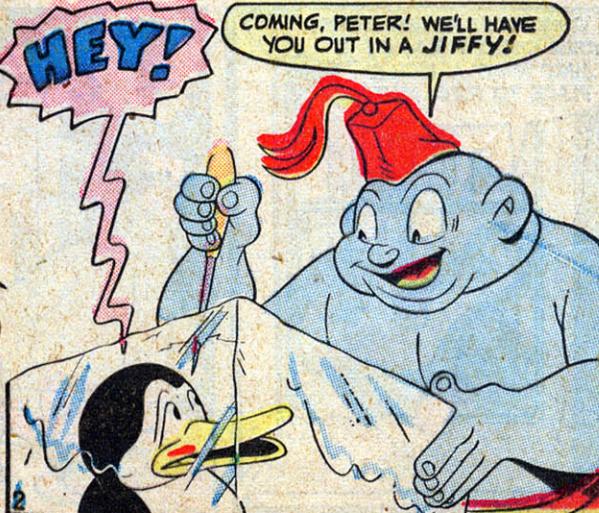
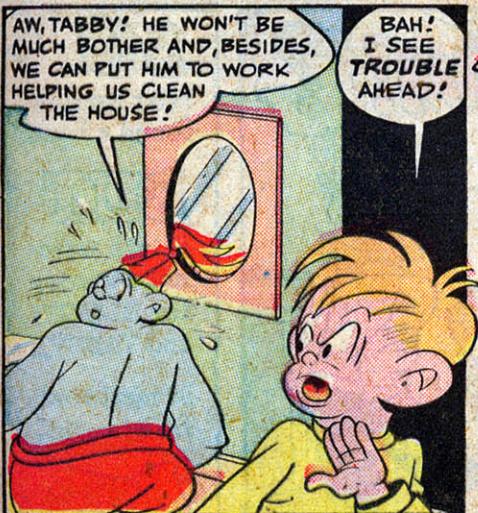
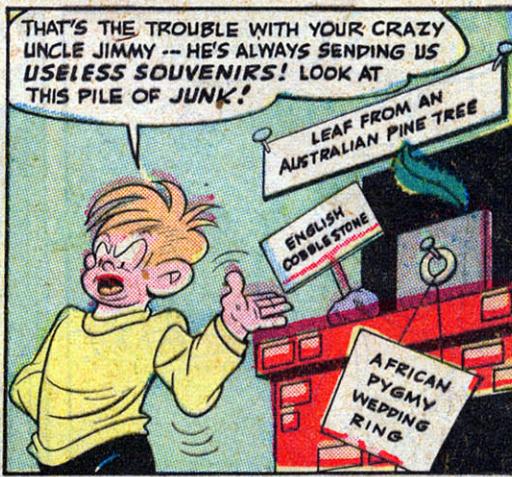
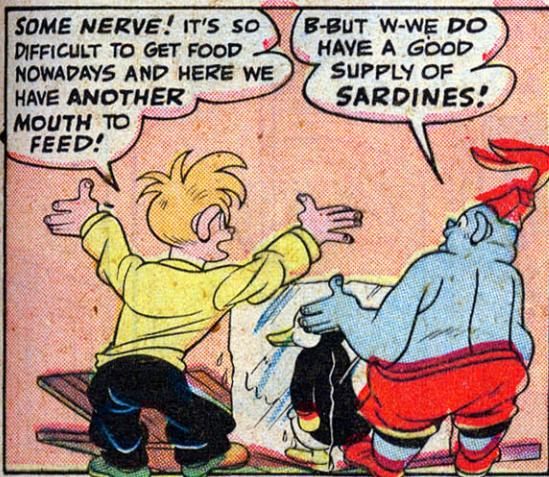
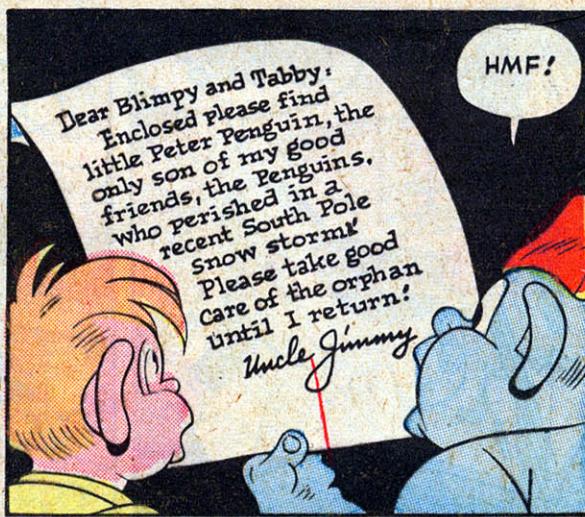


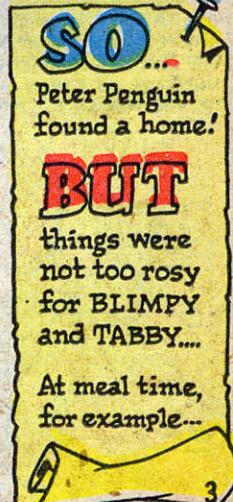
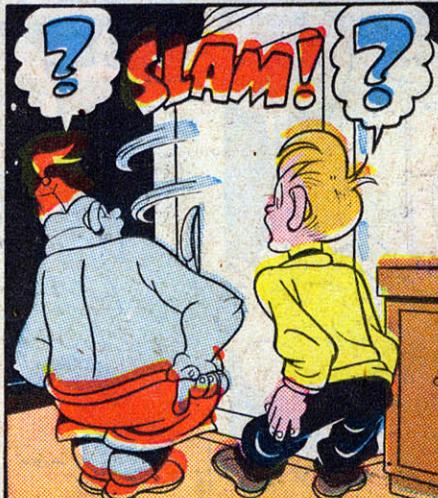
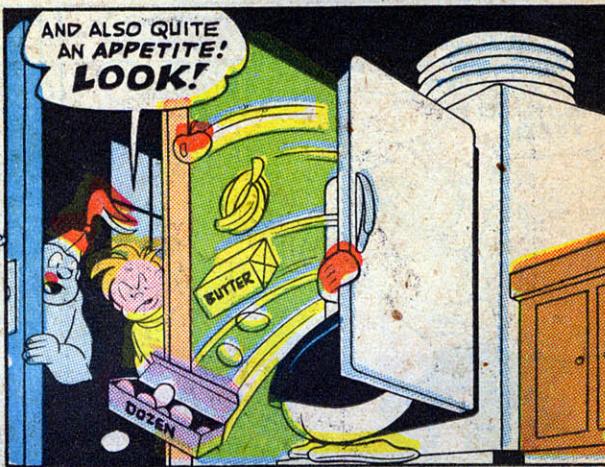
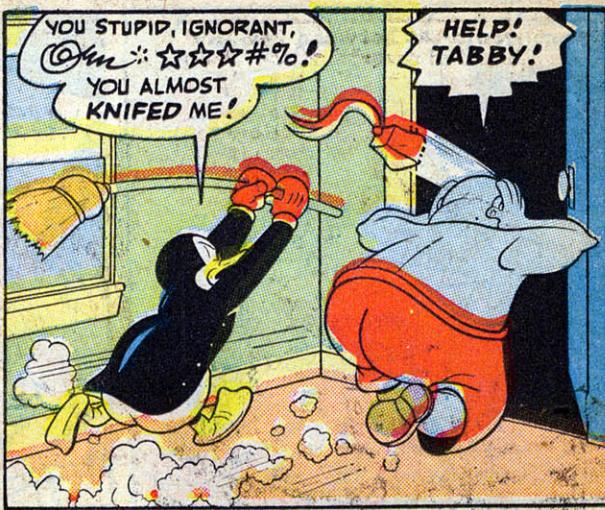




BLIMPY







Peter would eat between two and three hundred Quarts of ice cream, mostly vanilla!

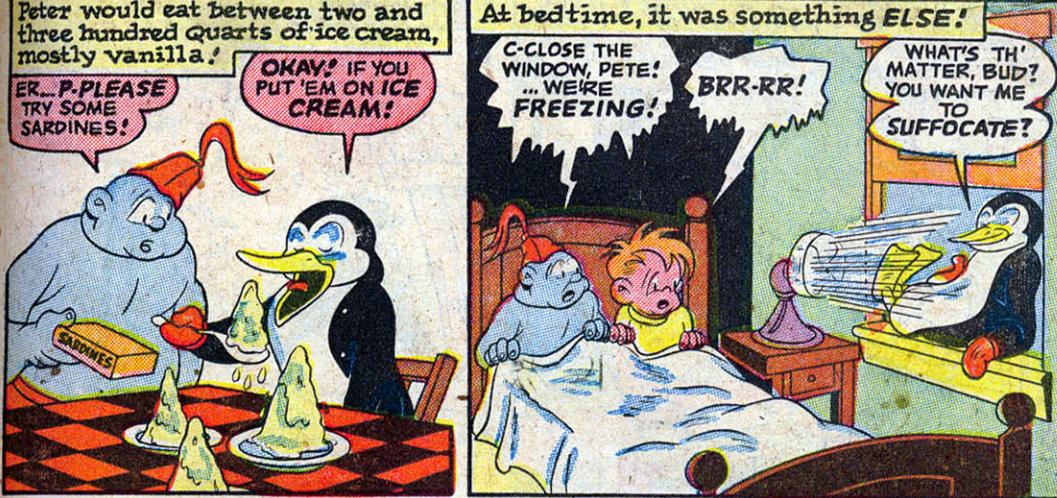
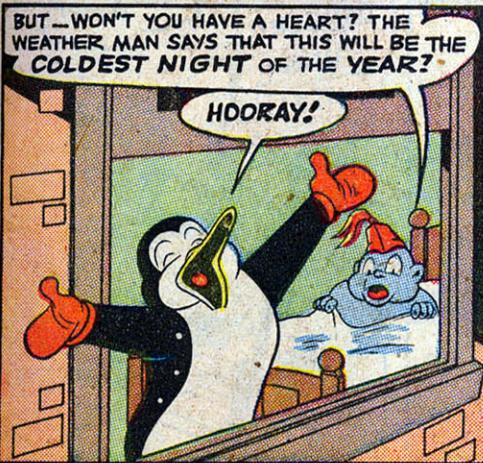
ER... P.PLEASE
TRY SOME
SARDINES!

OKAY! IF YOU
PUT 'EM ON ICE
CREAM!

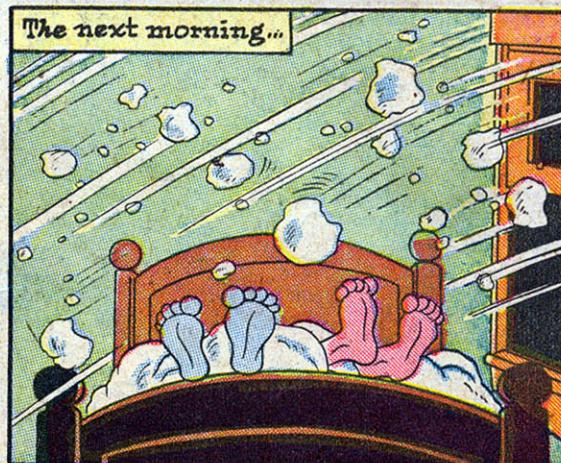


BUT...WON'T YOU HAVE A HEART? THE WEATHER MAN SAYS THAT THIS WILL BE THE COLDEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR!

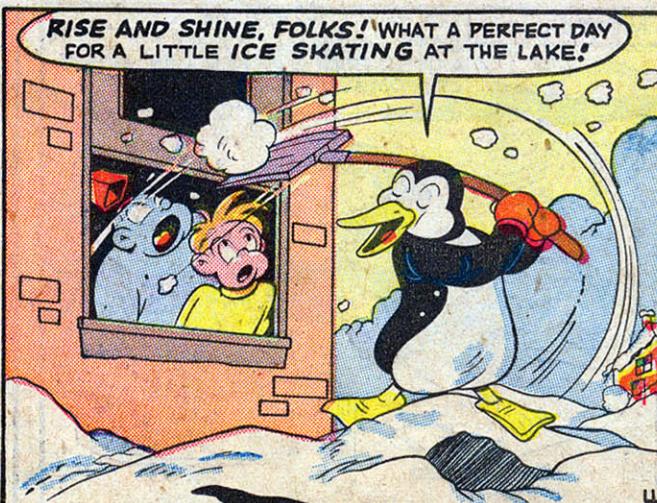
HOORAY!

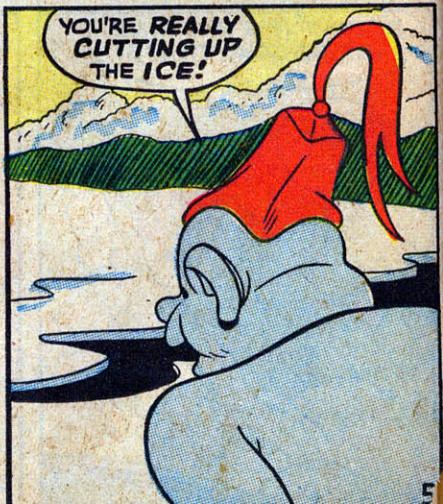
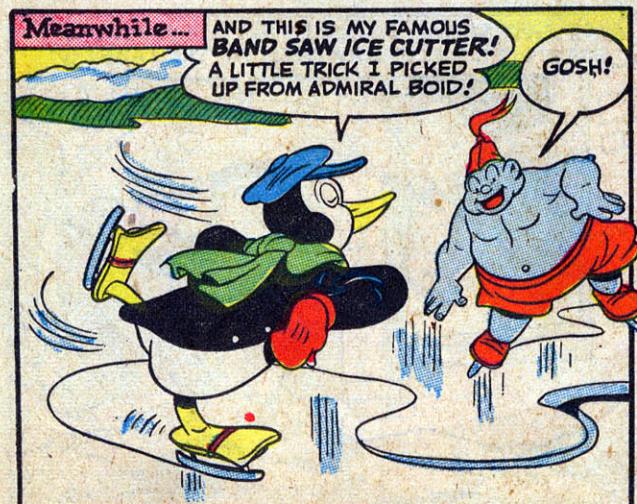
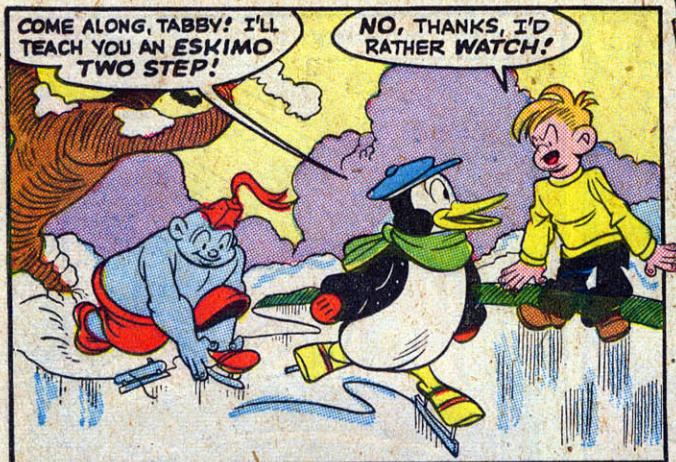
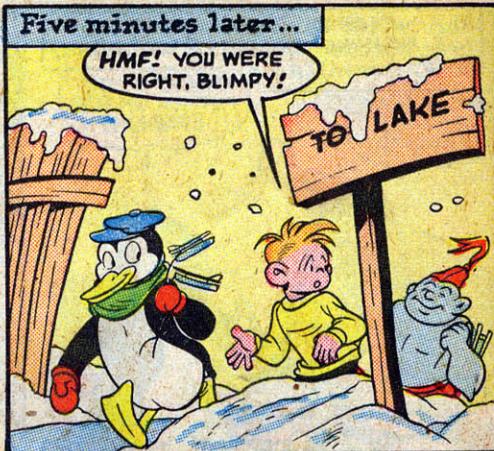
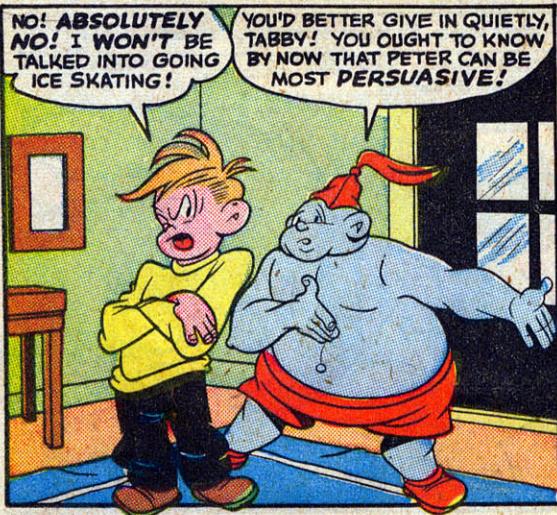


The next morning...



RISE AND SHINE, FOLKS! WHAT A PERFECT DAY FOR A LITTLE ICE SKATING AT THE LAKE!



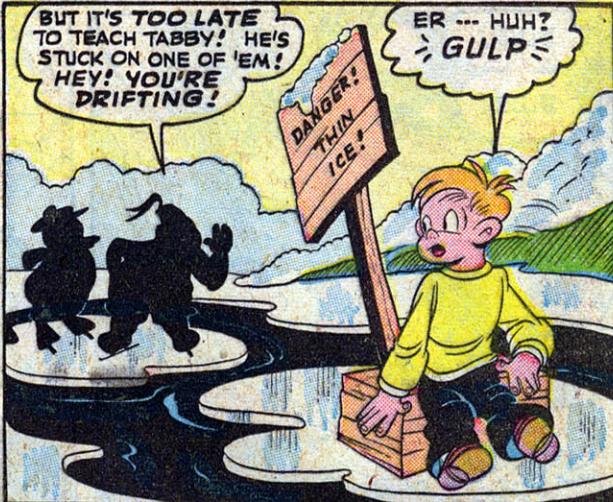


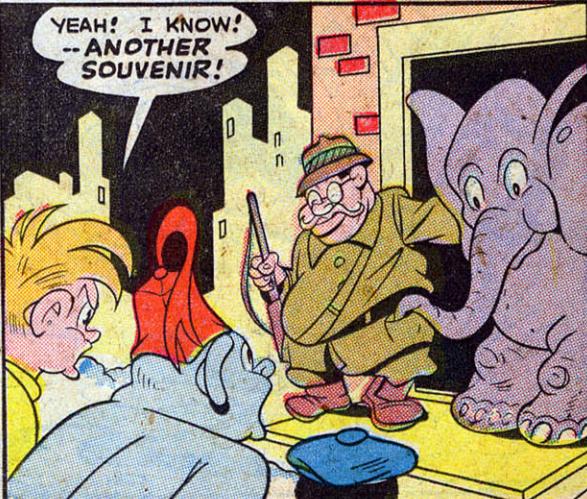
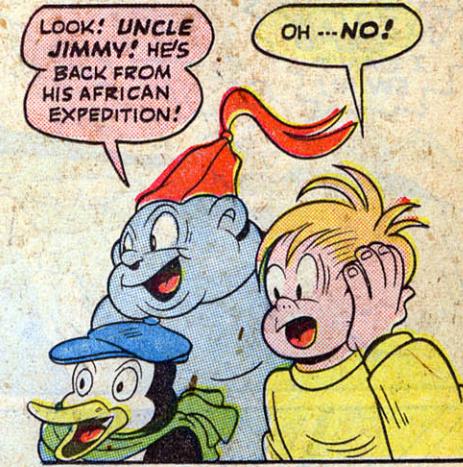
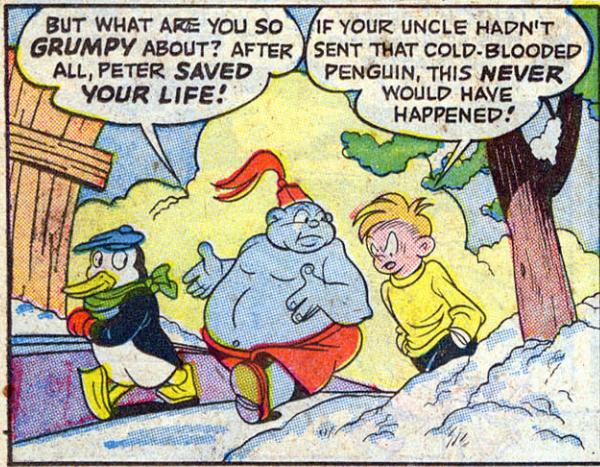
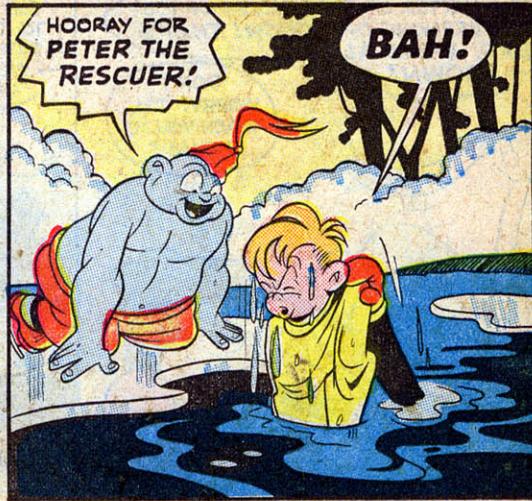
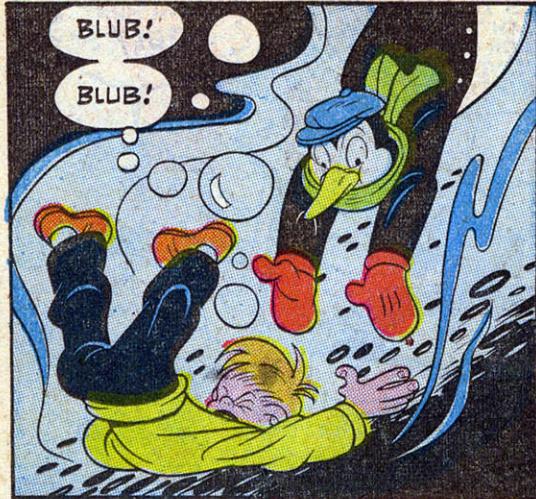
AS A MATTER OF FACT, PIECES OF ICE ARE BREAKING OFF! GOSH! THAT'S BAD! WE'LL ALL DROWN!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL TEACH YOU TO SWIM!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO TEACH TABBY! HE'S STUCK ON ONE OF 'EM! HEY! YOU'RE DRIFTING!

ER ... HUH?
GULP!



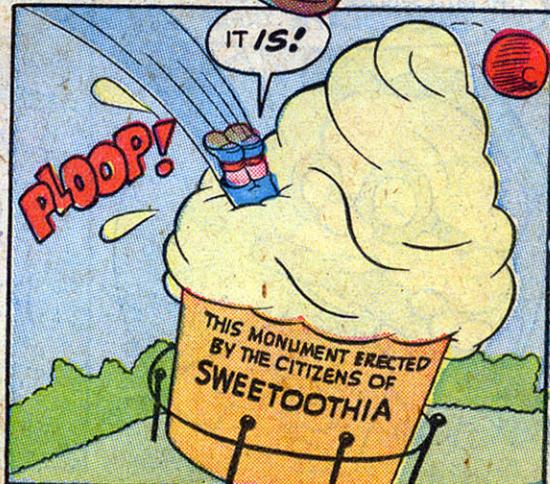


PERKY

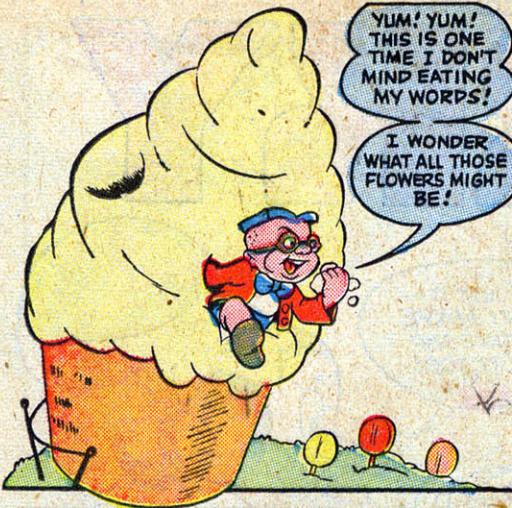


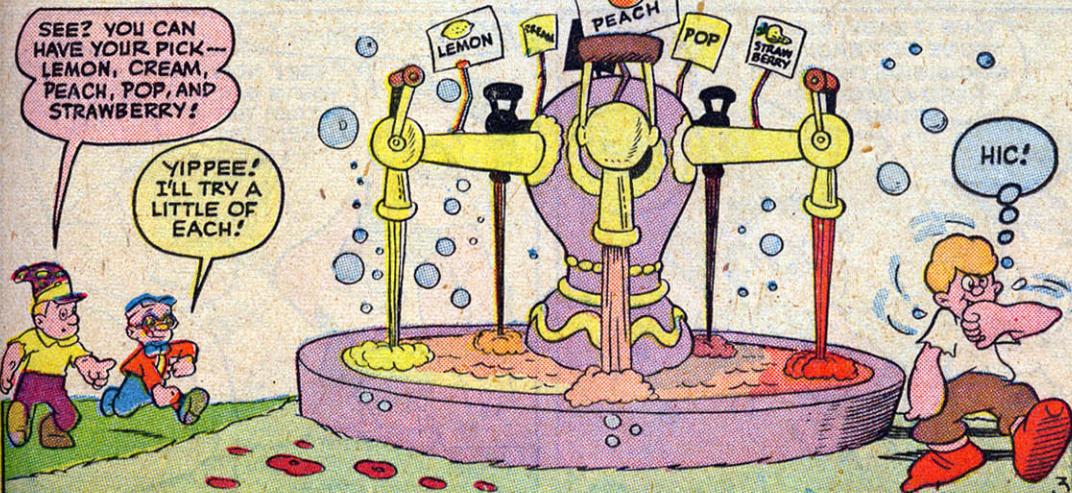
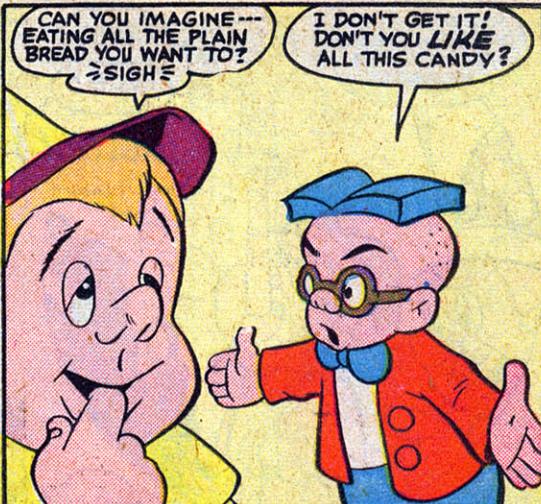
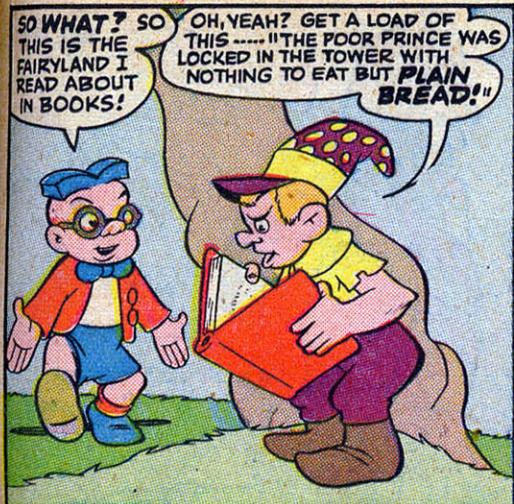
WHEN it comes to getting around, Perky takes the cake! It started when he volunteered to get into the amateur magician's vanishing box at the vaudeville show--and vanished! Since then, each time the lever is pulled on the box, Perky goes flying off to worlds beyond

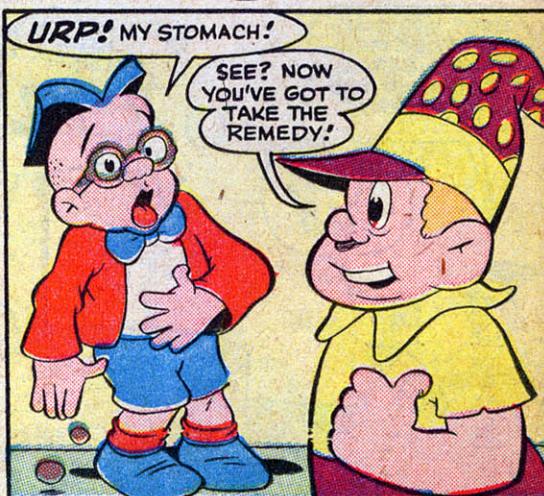
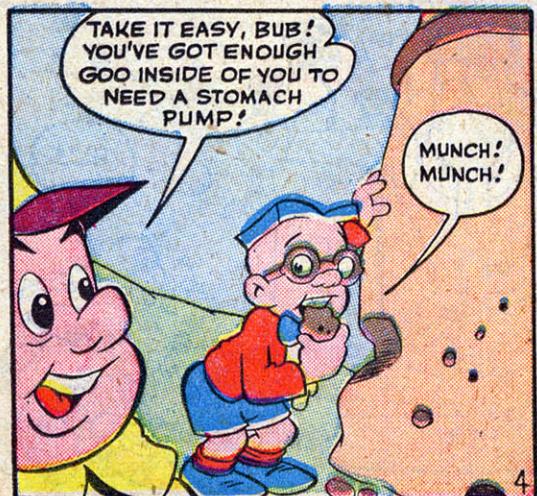
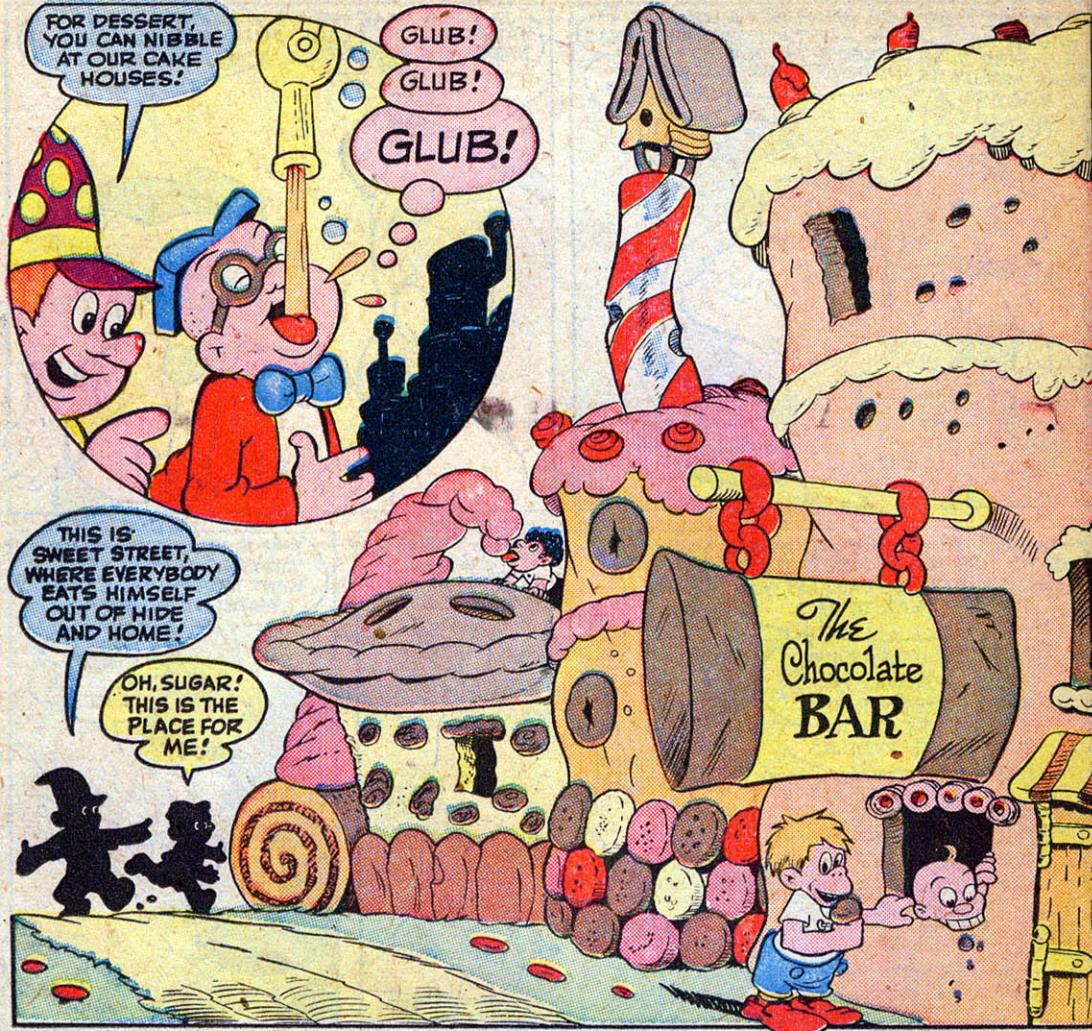
A CHARLOTTE RUSSE? NO-NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

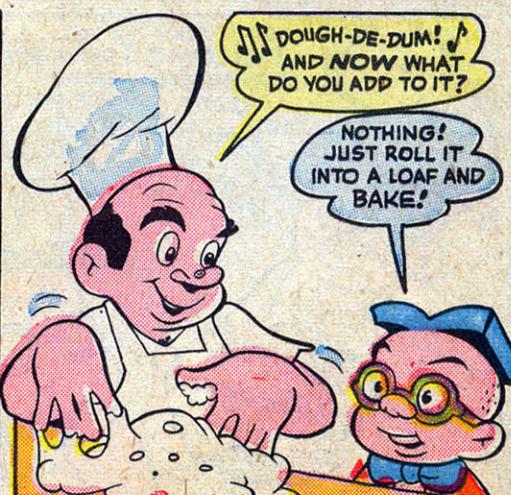
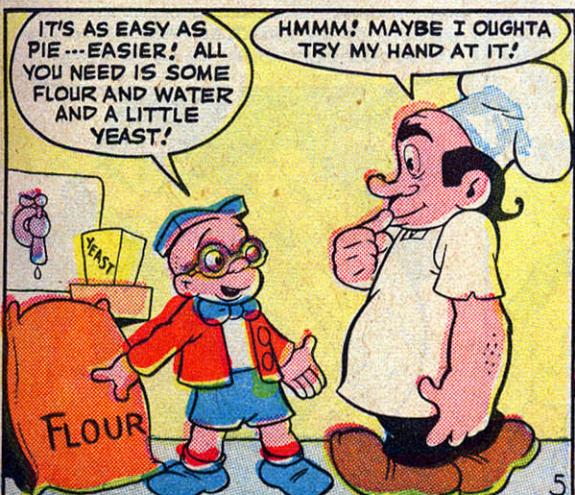
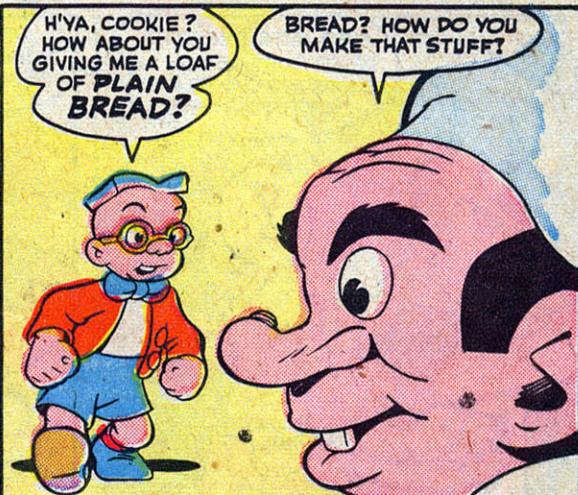
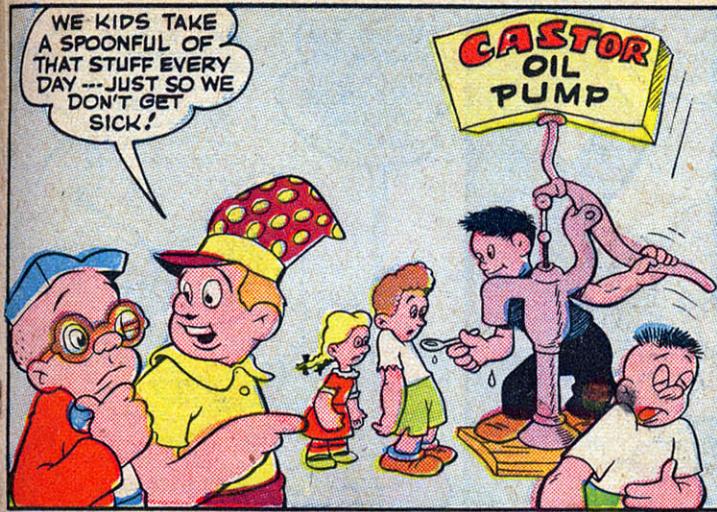


FEATURE COMICS

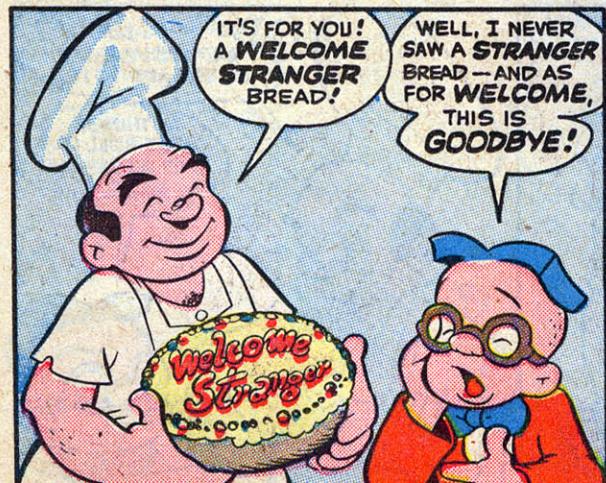
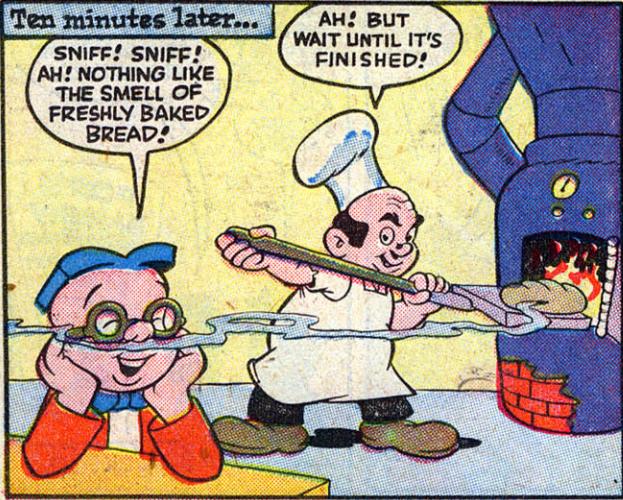








Ten minutes later...

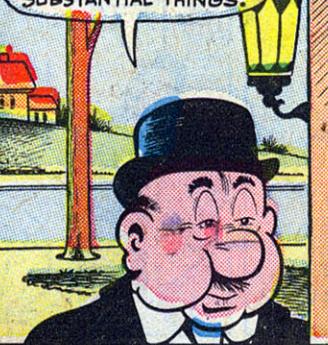


LALA PALOOZA

WAIT'L LALA HEARS THAT I'M GONNA TRY AND JOIN THE ROTARY AND KIWANIS CLUBS TOMORROW!



I GUESS THAT'L CONVINCE HER I'M HEADED FOR SOLID, SUBSTANTIAL THINGS!



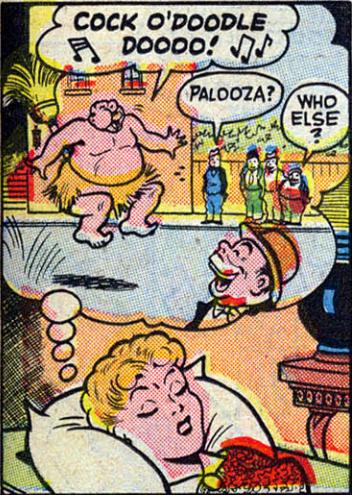
HMM... POOR GIRL'S TIRED OUT! I'LL SIT HERE AND BREAK THE GOOD NEWS WHEN SHE WAKES UP!



COCK O'DOODLE DOODOO! ♫♪

PALOOZA?

WHO ELSE?



GIVE MY REGARDS TO HIS EXCELLENCY!

VINCENT PALOOZA KICKING THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE!



HE TRIED TO GIVE THE PRESIDENT A HOT FOOT!

NO!... NO!... NO!



KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO TOMORROW, LALA?



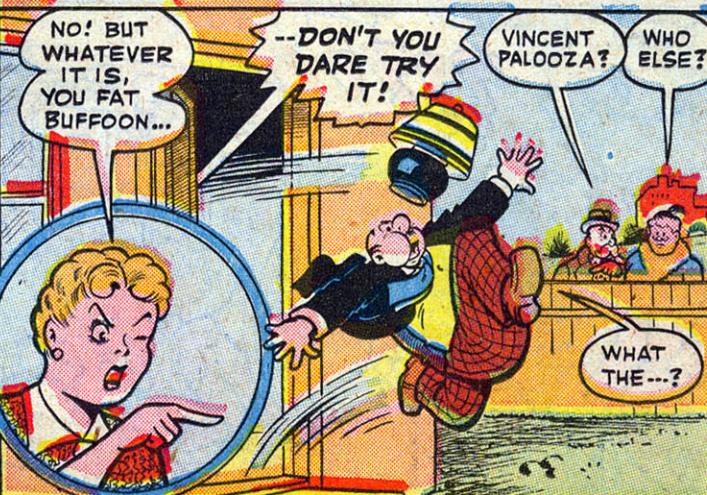
NO! BUT WHATEVER IT IS, YOU FAT BUFFON...

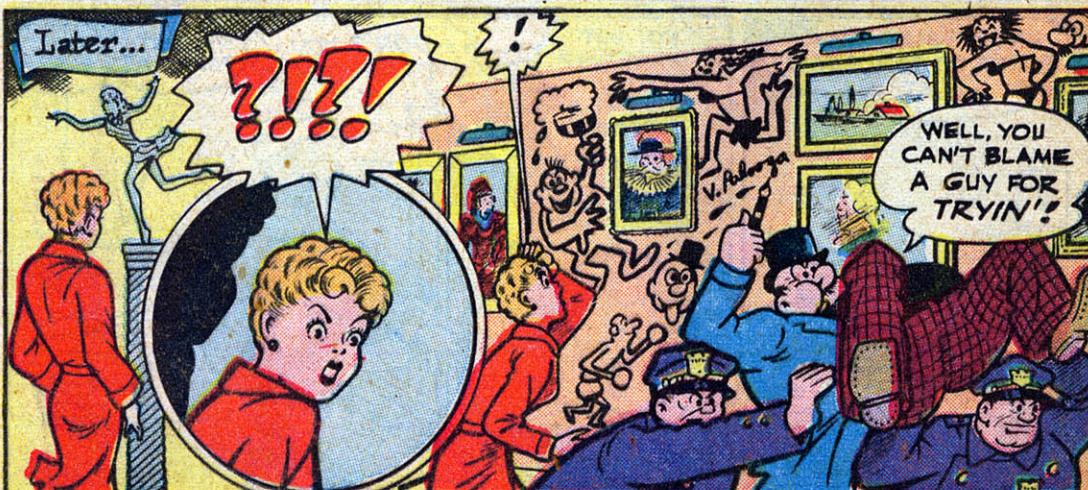
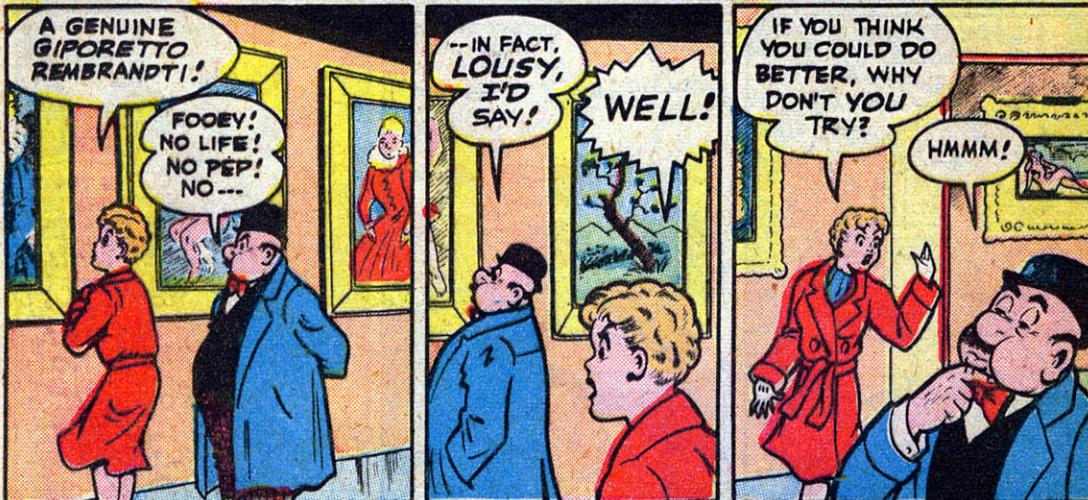
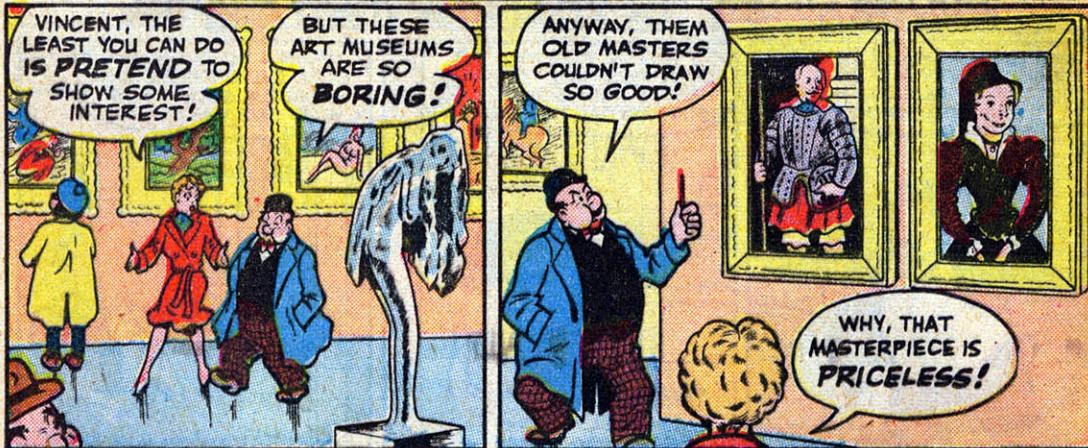
--DON'T YOU DARE TRY IT!

VINCENT PALOOZA?

WHO ELSE?

WHAT THE---?



LALA PALOOZA

LALA PALOOZA



SWING SISSON



It's easy to take your problems to Swing Sisson, in his odd moments between shows and rehearsals....

YES, MR. SISSON, MY DAUGHTER APRIL WANTS YOU TO HEAR HER PLAY THE VIOLIN! SHE THINKS YOU'RE THE BEST MAN OF MUSIC TODAY! THE INSTRUMENT WAS LEFT TO HER BY HER OLD MUSIC TEACHER--- PROFESSOR KINZI, AN ECCENTRIC OLD DUCK!

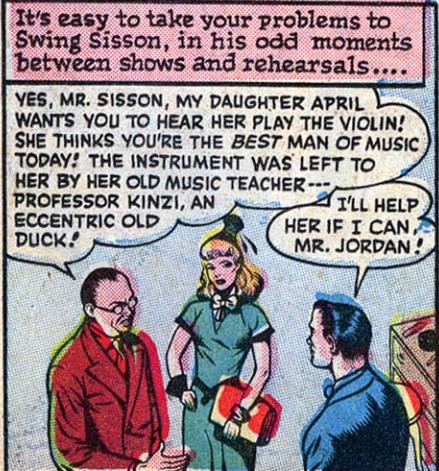
I'LL HELP HER IF I CAN, MR. JORDAN!

I WISH YOU'D DISCOURAGE HER---SEND HER BACK TO SCHOOL! SHE'S TOO FULL OF STARDUST AND STAGEY DREAMS! MAKE HER COME **DOWN TO EARTH!**

I SEE! WELL, MAYBE SHE'LL LISTEN TO ADVICE FROM ME!

A NICE AMERICAN FATHER---AND PROBABLY HIS DAUGHTER'S A NICE AMERICAN GIRL WHEN SHE'S NOT DREAMING ABOUT A JIVE CAREER!

HERE SHE COMES NOW, SWING... APRIL JORDAN!



FEATURE COMICS

MISS JORDAN, HAVE YOU REALLY THOUGHT WHAT A CAREER IN MUSIC MAY MEAN? HEARTBREAK, DISAPPOINTMENT, OVERTURE ---

MY DEAR OLD DADDY'S BEEN TELLING YOU THAT, MR. SISSON! HE THINKS I'M NOT MUSICIAN ENOUGH FOR THE MUSICAL WORLD!

SUPPOSE YOU HEAR ME FIRST! I'LL PLAY A LITTLE NUMBER I COMPOSED MYSELF -- JIVETOWN JIG!

GO AHEAD!

YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, SWING! THE KID'S GOT SOMETHING!



In the rehearsal room next door...

LISTEN TO THAT HAPPY HARMONY! WHAT A FIFI FIDDLE!

C'MON, GANG! LET'S LOOK AS WELL AS LISTEN!



LISTEN, BONNIE, SHE'S BETTER WITH THE BOW THAN ROBIN HOOD'S WHOLE OUTLAW BAND!

QUIET, TOBY! I WANT TO HEAR!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, RIEL? WE GOT THAT MEETING WITH THE CARGI MOBSTERS TO HANDLE!

LISTEN! THAT IS MONSTROUS! IT IS A SACRILEGE!

I KNOW YOU USETA BE A BIG-TIME FIDDLER, RIEL, BUT NO MORE---

NO MORE, PERHAPS! ANYWAY, I'M YOUR BOSS! WAIT, I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO WHOEVER IS MISTREATING THAT VIOLIN!



FEATURE COMICS

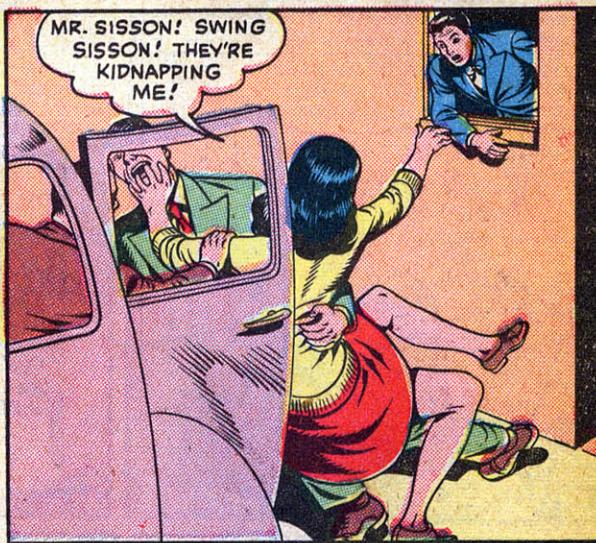
MISS JORDAN,
THAT'S A HOT
NUMBER, AND
YOU'RE A
REAL
PERFORMER!

YOU THINK SO,
MR. SISSON?
NOW WHAT
ABOUT DADDY'S
ADVICE?

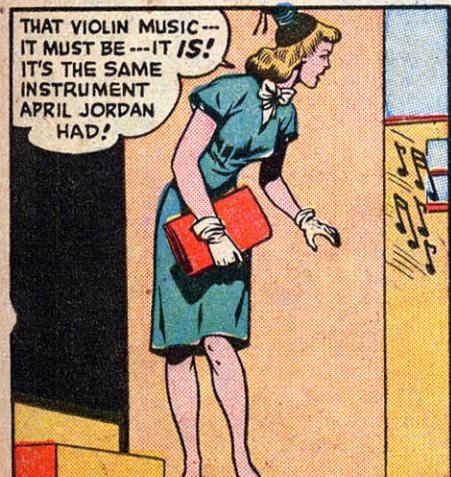
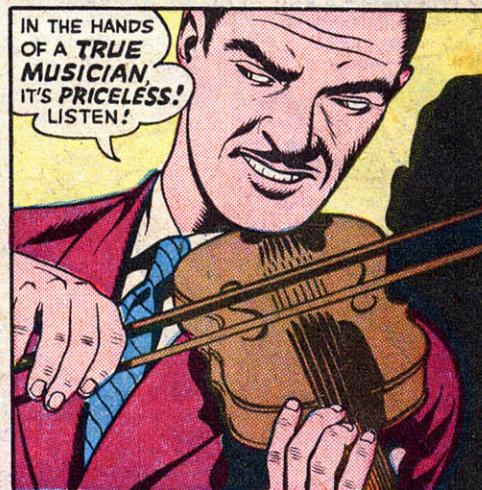
YOU HAVE TALENT--BUT
YOU SHOULD BE GOING
TO SCHOOL, TOO! COME
BACK AND SEE ME AFTER
I'VE TALKED TO YOUR
FATHER AGAIN!

WAS THAT YOU PLAYING
INSIDE? THAT VIOLIN --
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT
TO IT!

BUT IT'S MINE!
MY OLD TEACHER
LEFT IT TO
ME --



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

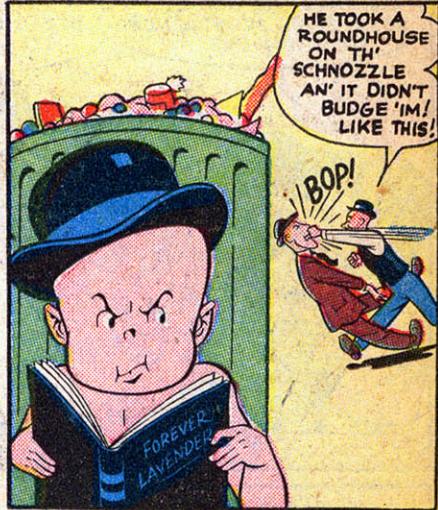
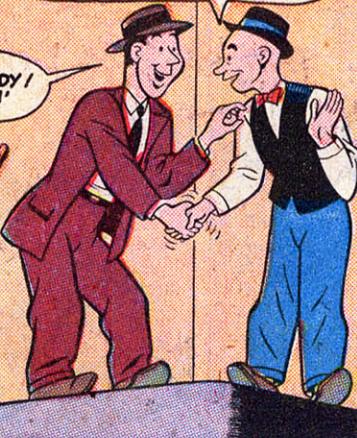
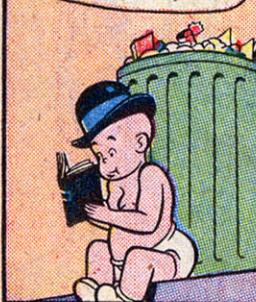


Poison Ivy

by
GILL FOX.

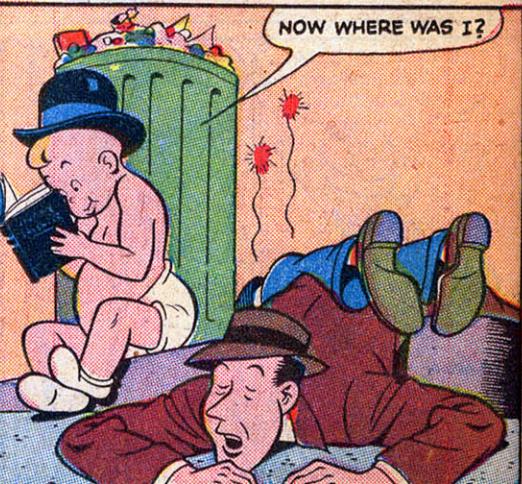
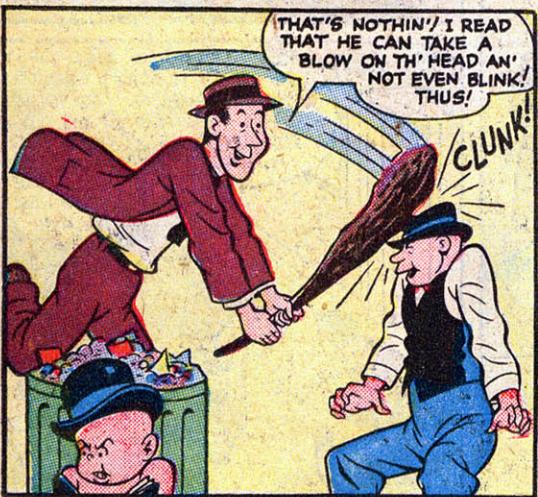
OF COURSE! SAY, THAT KID IS TERRIFIC! WHY, ONLY THE OTHER DAY, I SAW POISON IN ACTION!

WELL, IF IT AIN'T OL' BALDY! D'YA STILL BELONG TO TH' POISON IVY FAN CLUB?



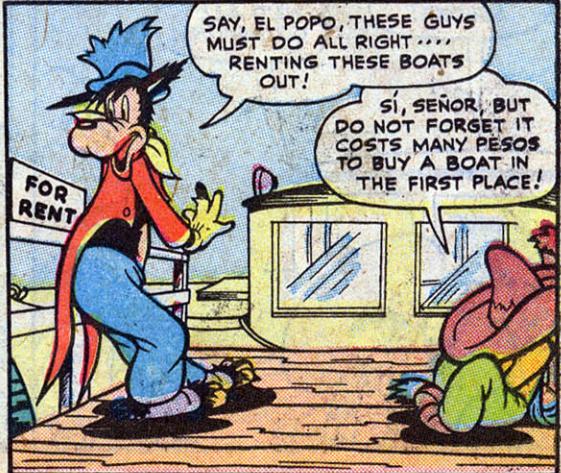
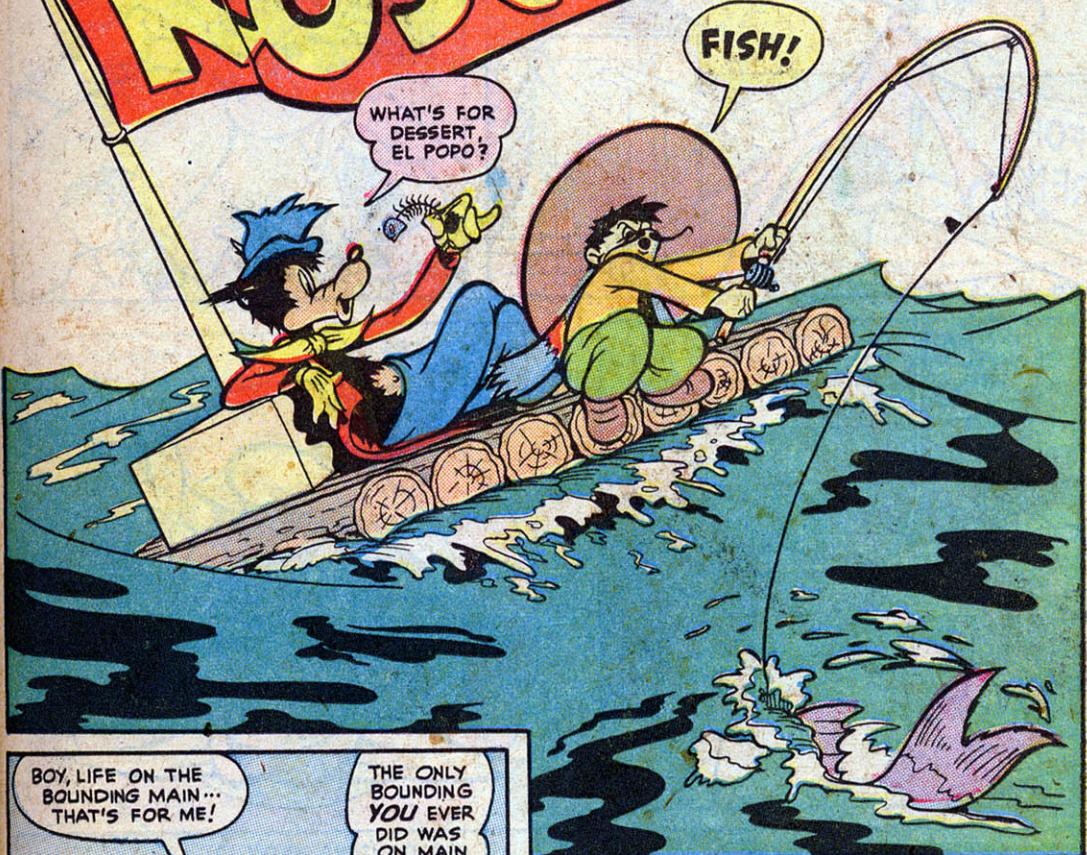
THAT'S NOTHIN'! I READ THAT HE CAN TAKE A BLOW ON TH' HEAD AN' NOT EVEN BLINK! THUS!

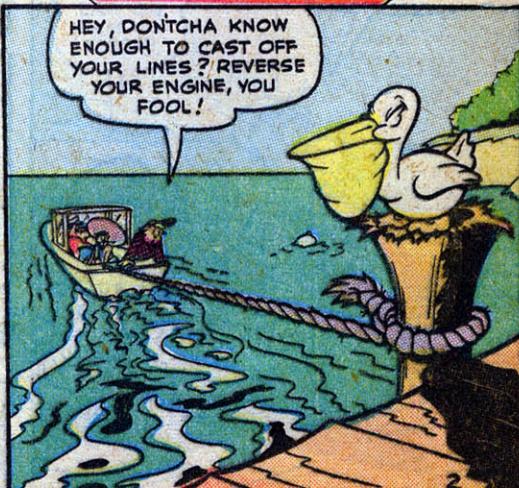
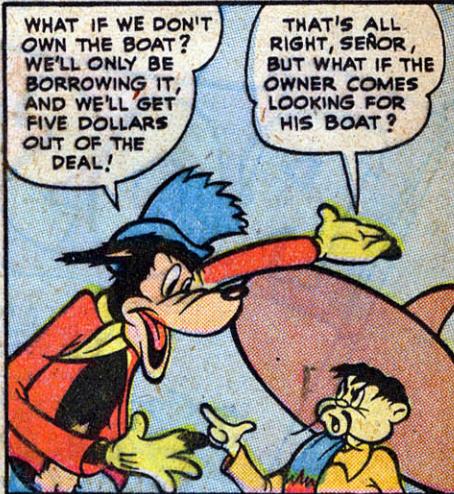
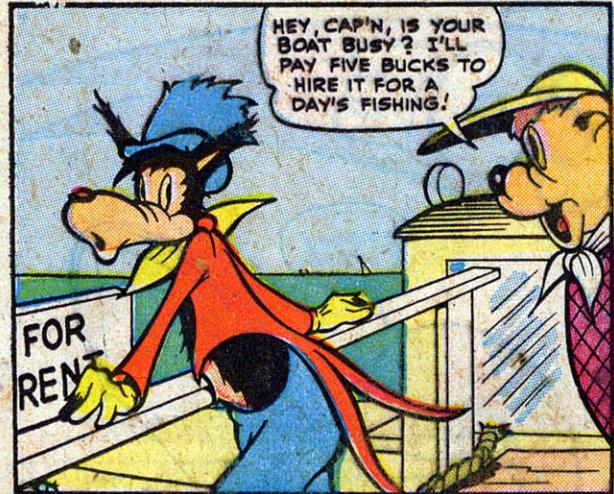
CLUNK!



BOP!

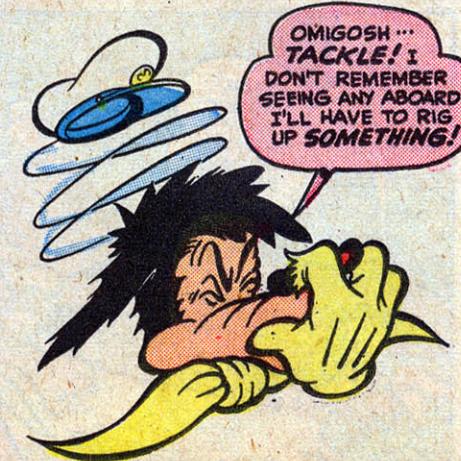
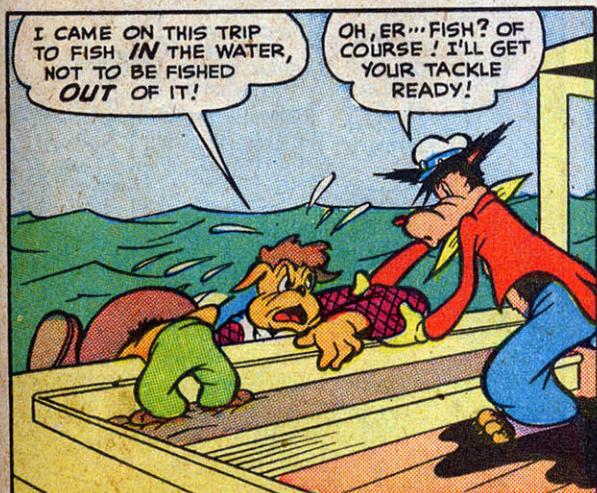
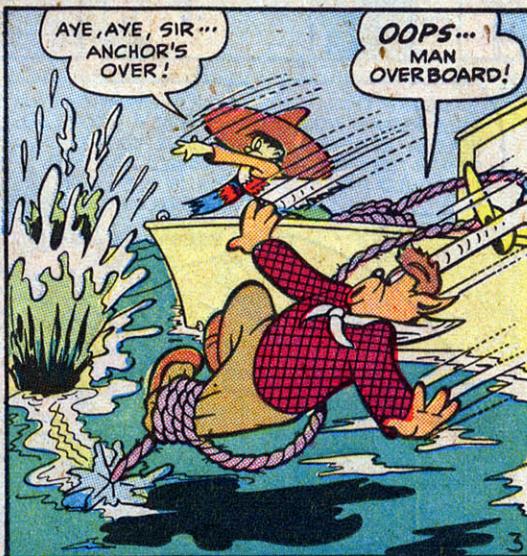
ROScoe



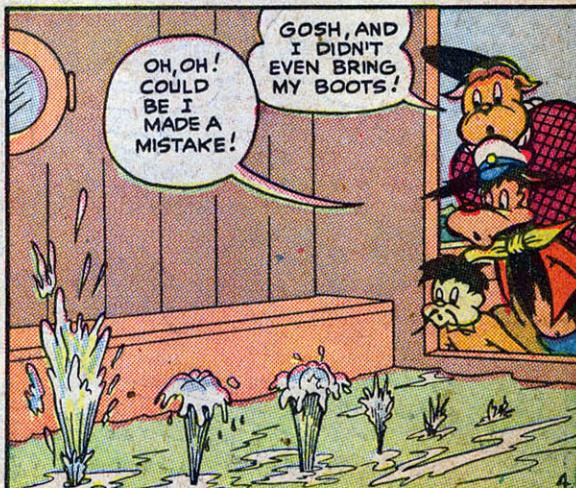
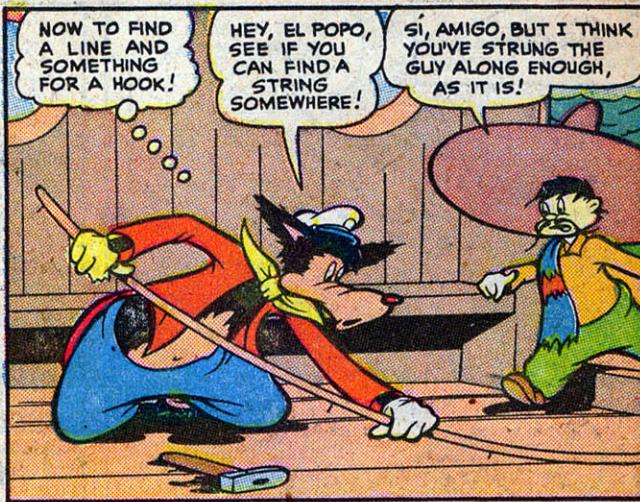


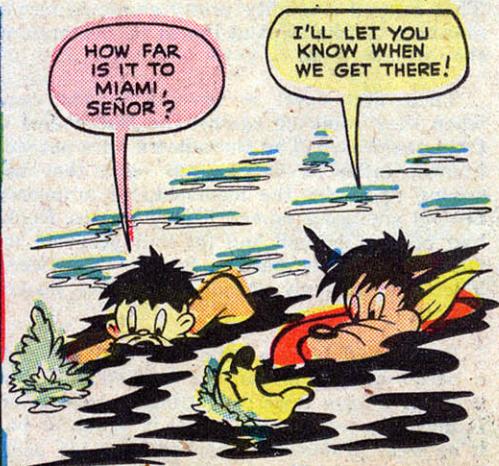
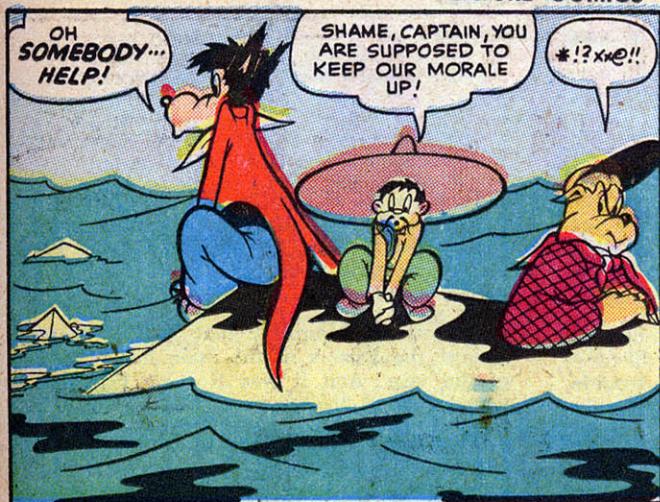
Freedom of the
dock the trio
puts out to sea!

HEAVE HO, MY LADS...
THE WIND BLOWS
FREE ... TA DA...
DEE DA!



FEATURE COMICS





HOT SKATES

THE Rovers were the outstanding hockey team of all Canada. For three years they had taken everything, won every game, and piled up a rock-hard rep that was the envy of their competitors and the bane of all contenders.

Fant Dane, the captain, was a red-headed blustering fellow that hardly anyone liked—even his players. He had plenty of trouble keeping any of the boys and probably only the money he paid—the highest of any hockey team, it was said—kept any of them on his payroll.

Fant Dane was a Dane who, it was whispered, had been kicked out of Denmark for some escapade that was too terrible to mention. What it was nobody knew; or if anybody did, they didn't mention it.

As for Fant, all he cared about was money. Money, money, money. The sport or the sportsmanship of the great game of hockey was seemingly submerged under his hard greed. If his team lost a game—which they seldom did—Fant became a maniac. Not because he was a bad loser but because he was a bad loser of money.

"Watch him play hockey," people who knew the game would say of Fant. "Watch him. He can play, all right. But his heart isn't in the game. He's thinking of the money he'll get for playing. I don't like a guy like that. Not at all."

Fant's Rovers were a flash. They were booked at all the better rinks and always drew crowds. They played a mighty pretty game, as fast as anything on skates. And it was no use arguing, they usually won.

Their first upset in several months came when they came up against the Buccaneers of Ohio one season. The Buccaneers were not well known; rather it was a cub team that had sprung up under the leadership of a tousled-headed youngster named Rocky Haines. Rocky had been a football end for four years on the Ohio State team, playing hockey in between. Then he suddenly decided he liked hockey better.

Rocky had been a good end, and he made a better hockey player. He studied hard and bent all efforts towards getting a prize team. It took him two seasons to get it. When he had it he went professional, backed by a big packing company in Cleveland.

In a matter of months, Rocky's Buccaneers became a by-word all over the eastern half of the United States. Then he invaded the West Coast and took everything in his stride. He was a terror.

It was in Montreal that Rocky teamed against the Rovers in the main hockey event of the year. And it was Rocky's Buccaneers who came off the winners.

That was a mortal blow to Fant Dane, who had looked upon the Ohio players as so much scum. But when he was actually beaten—beaten badly, too—Fant went into a black gloom. He'd get even, yes, he'd get even!

A lot of money had been bet on the Rovers in Montreal, as a lot was always bet on his team wherever he showed up. He was a *sure thing*, as the saying goes. But when he lost to the upstart team from Ohio, there were a lot of bellows among the gamblers. Was Fant losing his grip? Was he getting soft? How come he let a lot of clodhoppers beat him?

These were hard words for Fant Dane to swallow. He was a hard loser. And he had personally lost a pile on the game himself, since he always bet a substantial sum on his own team.

So Dane was in no mood for kidding when the opportunity came again to meet the Ohio whirlwind team of Rocky Haines. This time he'd show the fool! This time he'd restore faith in his own prowess and that of his team's. And he'd make a killing on the side.

It happened that Fant had a chance of watching the Buccaneers play a game against a Quebec team a few nights before his team met Haines' boys. Now, this Quebec group was probably the next best thing to Fant's own. It was being touted high and low as the coming hockey team of the year. It gave Fant some worry.

But imagine his state of mind when Haines' players worked all over the place, mopping up on the Quebec team with as little ease as if they had been playing some back country outfit.

Fant was in a state bordering on insanity as he watched the ease with which the Buccaneers took every goal. And a feeling of dread crept over him. There was no argument, some of

FEATURE COMICS

those Buccaneers were good! Haines himself was better than good!

But again the big betting was on the Rovers when it came time for the game. After all, they were an old established team; and those things are hard to shake. It's like betting against a horse that has won every one of his starts. Foolish. So thought the gamblers. And laid it on the line in favor of the Rovers.

Fant had a girl friend who was dark, blue-eyed, and owned a neat little beauty shop in hers and Fant's home town of Windsor—where the game between the Buccaneers and Rovers was to take place.

This girl—Ranny was her name—was a smart youngster, who made money because she kept abreast of the times. Her shop had every modern invention—and she installed them as fast as they were introduced on the market. Her latest was some elaborate permanent wave machine that required no heat—that is, the curlers required no manually applied heat. The whole thing worked by radio.

Fant listened as Ranny explained the wonders of her wave machine. He tried to be polite. But in his heart was a grim, deep worry. Why couldn't the fool girl shut up? What did he care for her wave machine, even if it did use radio—Radio? You mean—

The idea that was born in Fant Dane's cagey brain then and there would do justice to a more intelligent person. But the idea was born. It was such a fantastic, utterly crazy idea that Fant laughed out loud.

"Well," said Ranny. "What's so funny?"

"Huh? Oh—nothing, Ranny. I was just thinking of something, that's all. Now what was it you were saying?"

Ranny looked at Fant. "You sure act strange all of a sudden, Fant," she pointed out.

"Strange? Huh!" Fant rubbed his forehead in a habit everyone knew. "Nothing strange about me, Ranny. I was just thinking about a couple of new plays we're working on."

Ranny made an exasperated motion with her head. "Oh, you and your old plays! That's all you think about—plays!"

Fant looked at her crookedly and grinned.

"Mebbe. But this is a very new one, my little chickadee. Wait'll you see it."

"I hear you're not so sure about winning from the Buccaneers. How about it?"

Fant roared with laughter. "Who told you? We'll murder 'em! Wipe 'em off the map! You

wait and see! With this new play—" Fant left the shop still chuckling.

Fant made elaborate plans the night before the big game. He took one person into his confidence.

The next night, a few minutes before the game was to start, he collared this person and whispered hoarsely:

"Now don't forget, the last quarter you turn it on to 617. Remember—617. It's got to be that station."

The Buccaneers scored twice during the first half, and there were jeers and boos against the Rovers. Fant held his peace. Oh, if they only knew what was going to happen toward the end of the game! Wait till then!

The Buccaneers scored again toward the beginning of the last quarter. People were yelling at the Rovers, calling them dubs and lunks.

Then suddenly the Buccaneers began slowing down. The Rovers scored. Scored again. And again in rapid succession. The crowd took heart. And now the cheering was for the old timers—the unbeatable Rovers.

Between the noise of the game the sound of the radio playing a number could be heard.

A strange thing was happening to the Haines players. Now and then one of his players sunk into the hard ice as if the floor had given way. He tried hard to pull his foot loose as he sped along, and several of them took headers across the ice. The shining surface was scored deep with odd tracks, where their skates tore in deep.

Suddenly Haines called the game to a halt. He had lost—lost badly. He was looking at his skate with rapt attention. He knelt to feel of it. He jerked his hand away. Smoke rose from the skate.

"Hot," he said. Then he fumbled at something under the skate and wrenched it loose. It was a small shiny cylinder. He picked it up and turned it over.

"Hm," he said. "What's this? What makes my skates hot?"

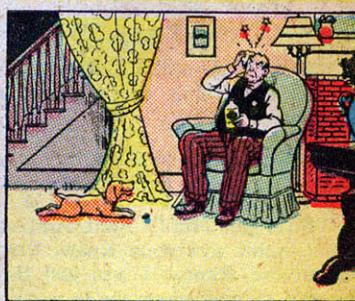
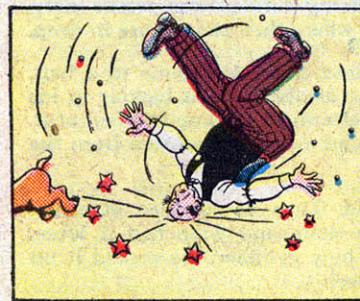
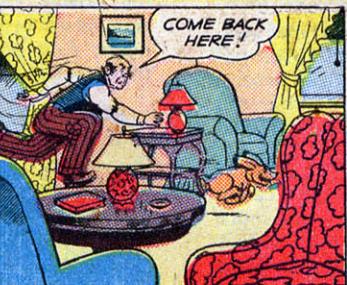
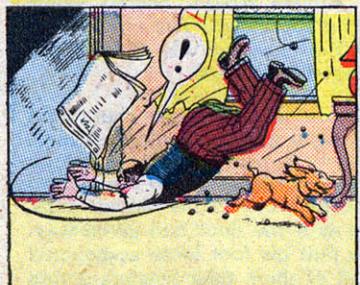
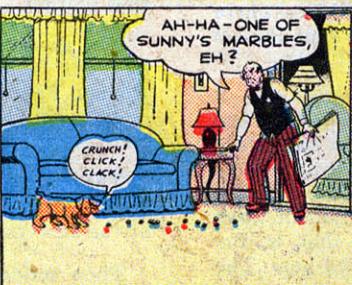
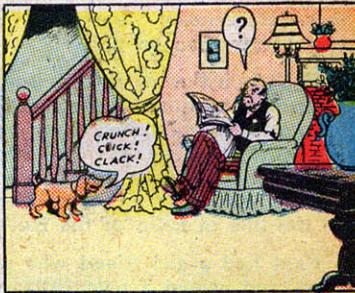
"What makes mine hot, Haines?" one of his players asked. By this time there was a crowd down on the ice. Among them was Ranny. Her eyes opened as she saw the little cylinder.

"Why, that's one of my new wave machine heaters," she cried. "The radio! It's the radio that makes them hot!"

You guessed it. It was the last of Fant Dane and his Rovers.

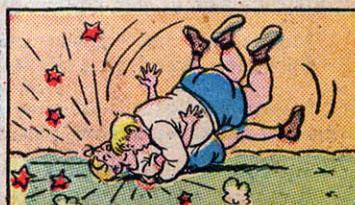
FEATURE COMICS.

MICKEY FINN
By LANK LEONARD



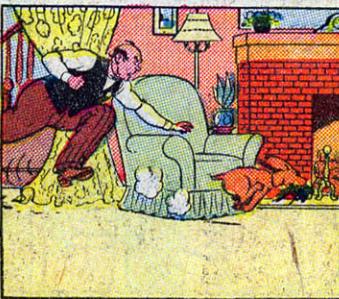
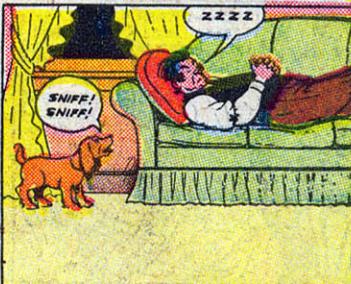
NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



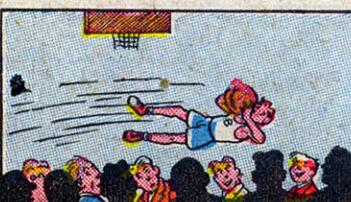
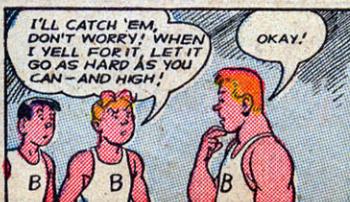
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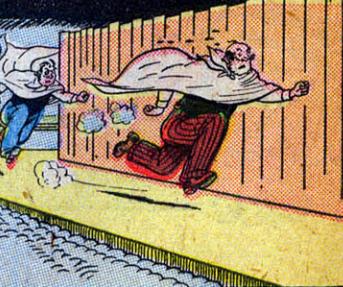
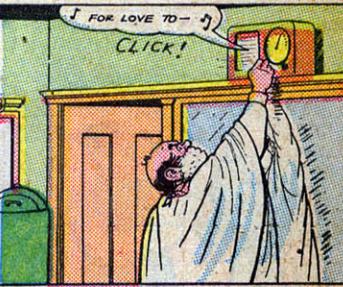
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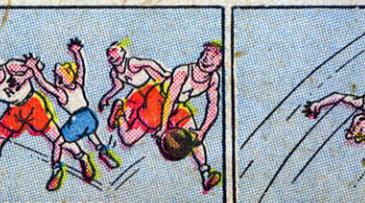
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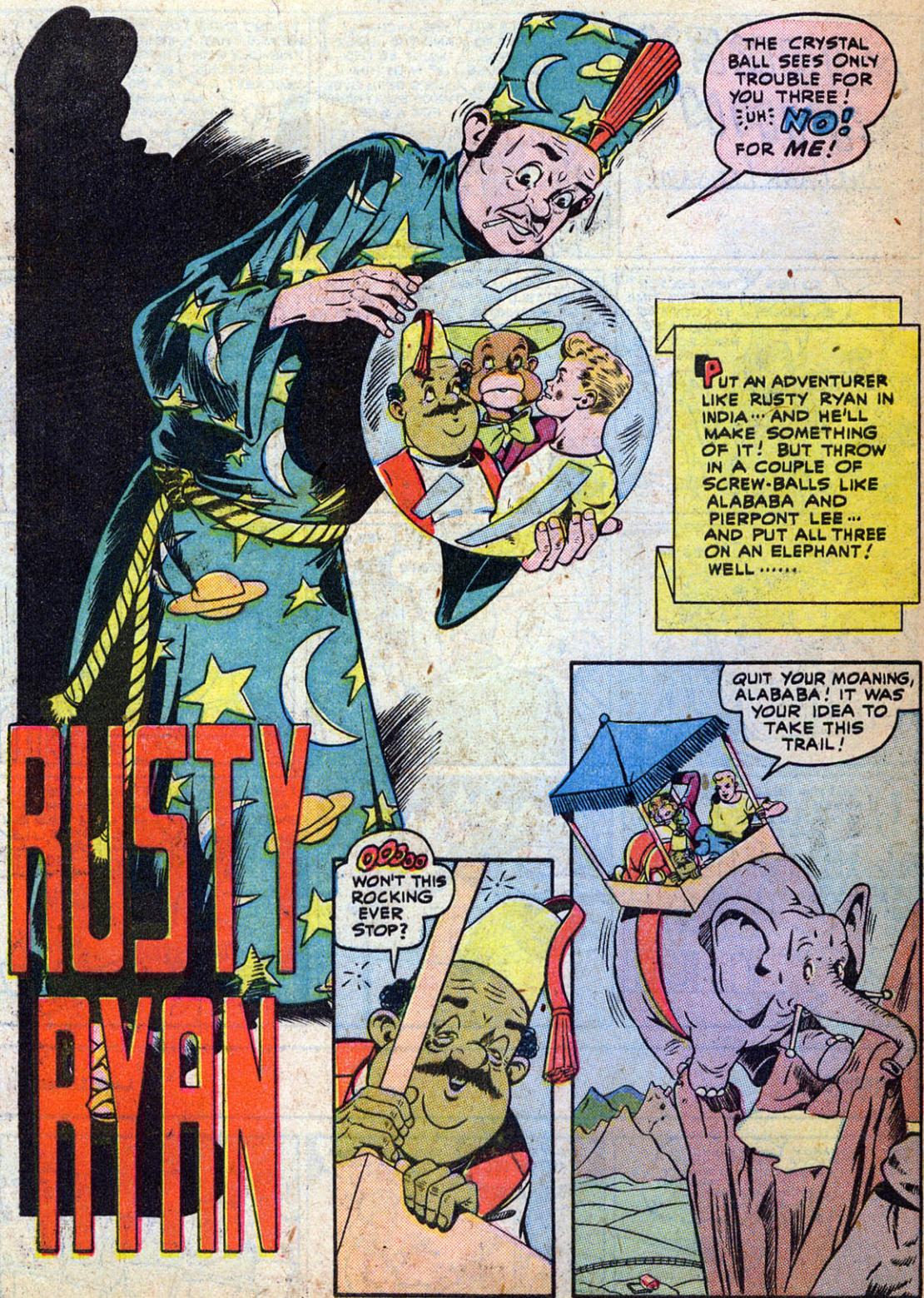
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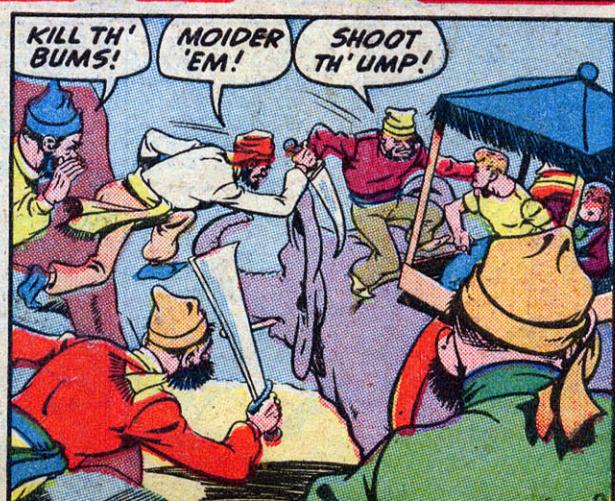
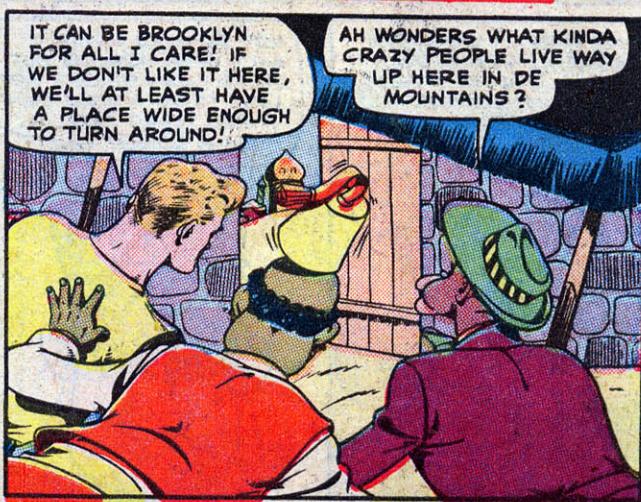
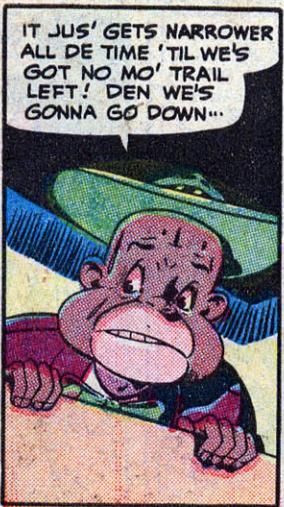
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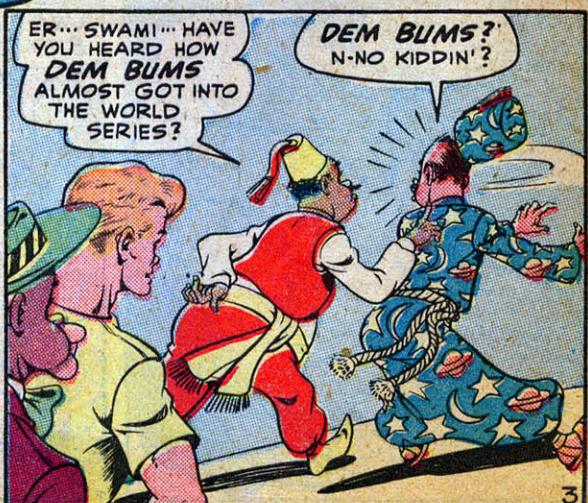
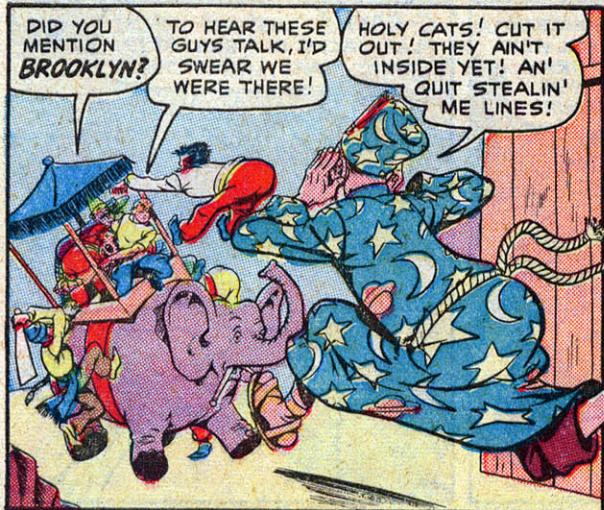
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FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS

WHEN BROOKLYN IS THE TOPIC OF DISCUSSION, HOW CAN A BROOKLYNITE RESIST?

...BY THE THIRD INNING, LEO THE LIP WAS RAGING!

HOWDY, SUH?

ROHOJA! YEIKS! I FORGOT! ER... THEY'RE FRIENDS OF MINE!

THEY ARE STRANGERS TO US!

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE... UH?

YOU ARE STRANGERS!

OKAY! BUT YOU DON'T NEED THAT BALONEY SLICER TO CONVINCE US!

HEY, SWAMI ... GET RID OF THIS CREATURE! YOU'RE THE BOSS AROUND HERE!

B-BUT...

I AIN'T... AS FAR AS YOUSE IS CONCERNED!

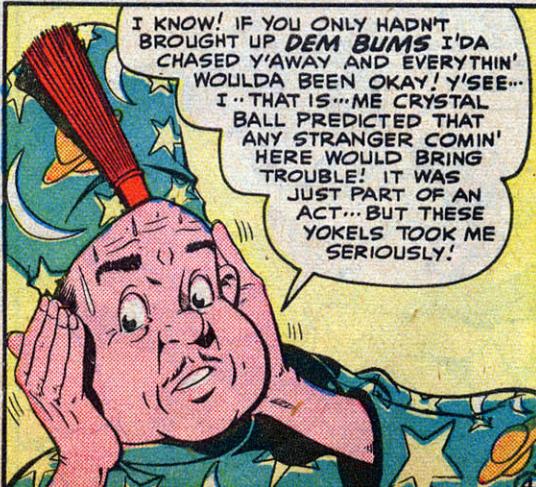
WELL CALL IN WHOEVER IS AN' THROW TH' BUM OUT!

IT'S ROHOJA... THE HIGH-EXECUTIONER!

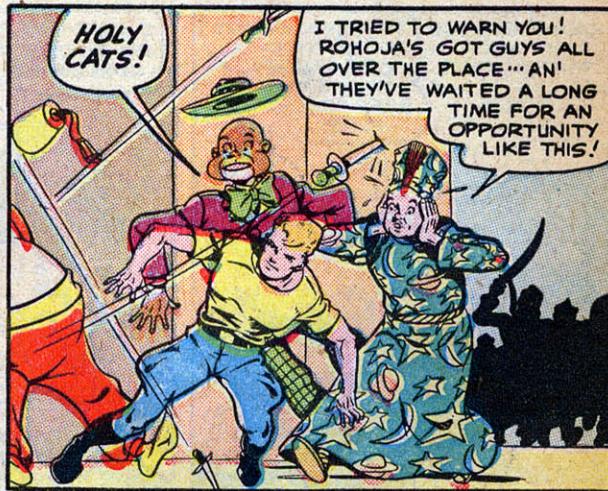
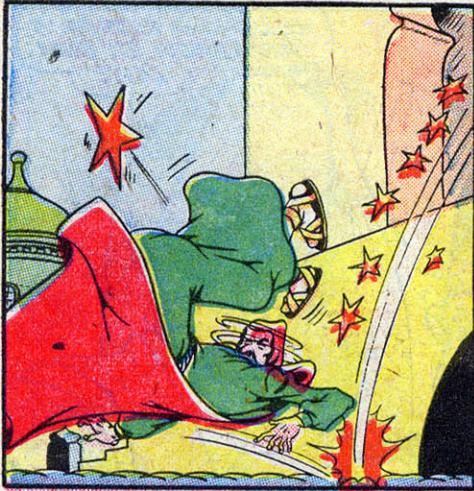
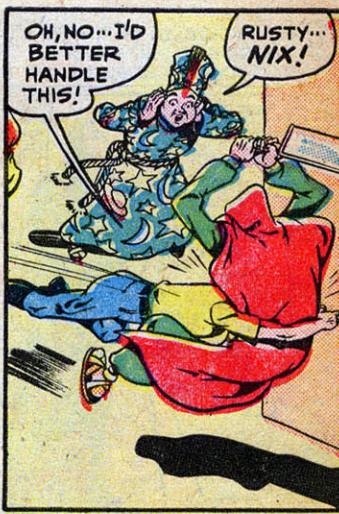
THE HIGH... GULP?

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A NICE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

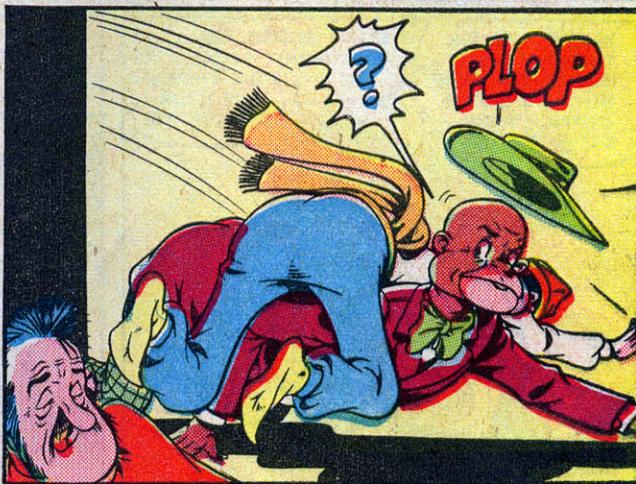
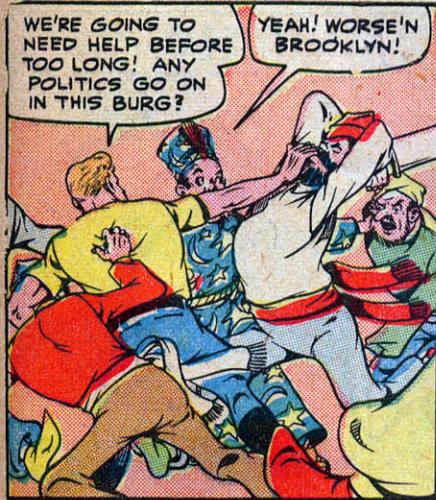
I KNOW! IF YOU ONLY HADN'T BROUGHT UP DEM BUMS I'DA CHASED Y'AWAY AND EVERYTHIN' WOULDA BEEN OKAY! Y'SEE... I.. THAT IS... ME CRYSTAL BALL PREDICTED THAT ANY STRANGER COMIN' HERE WOULD BRING TROUBLE! IT WAS JUST PART OF AN ACT... BUT THESE YOKELS TOOK ME SERIOUSLY!



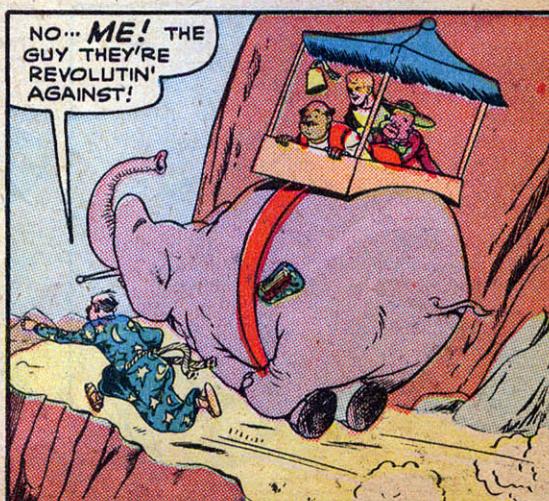
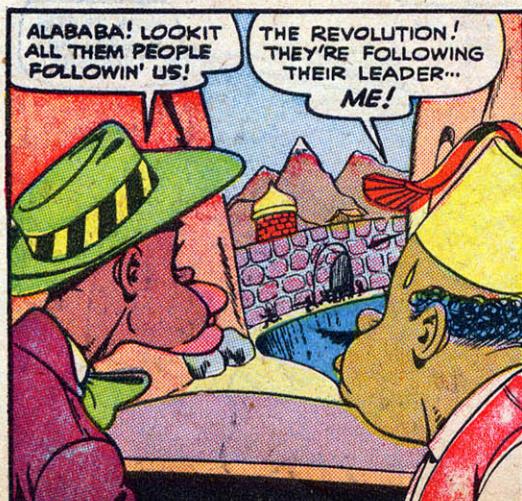
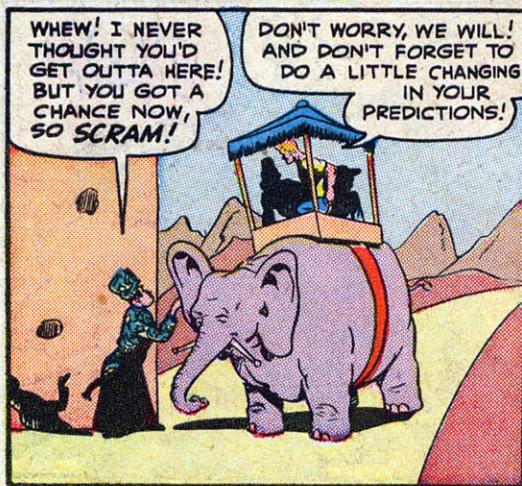
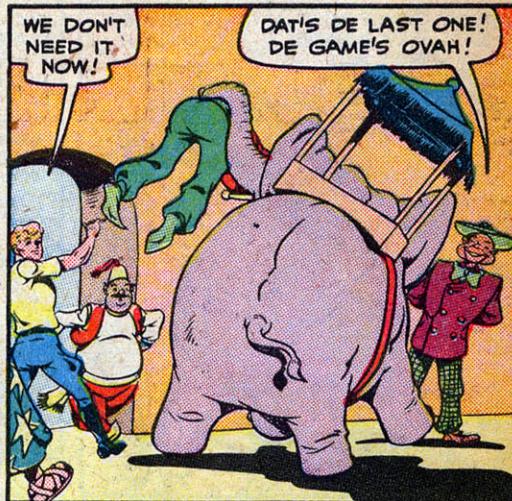
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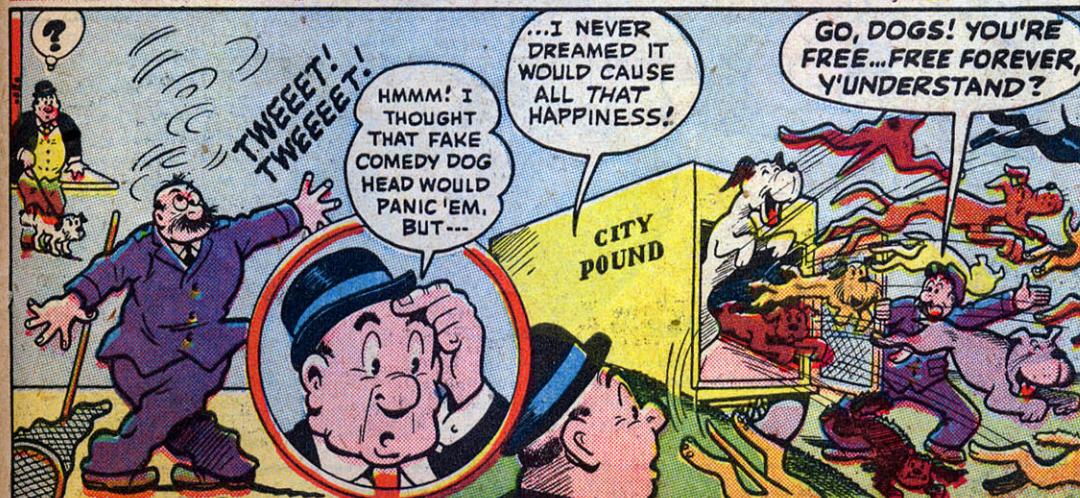
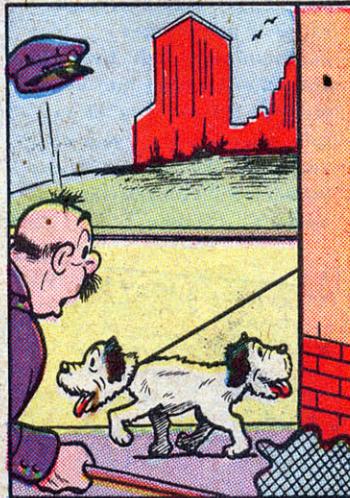


FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

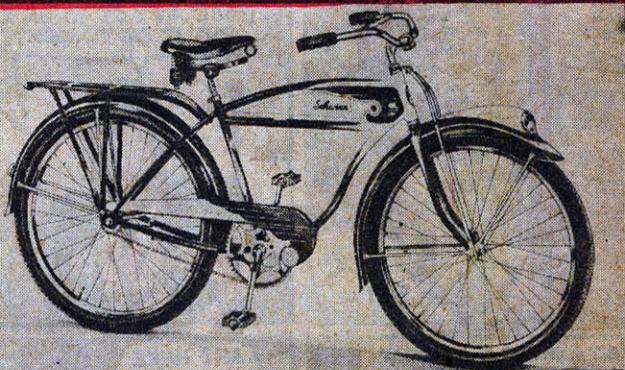


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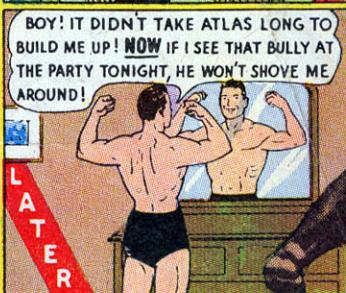
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